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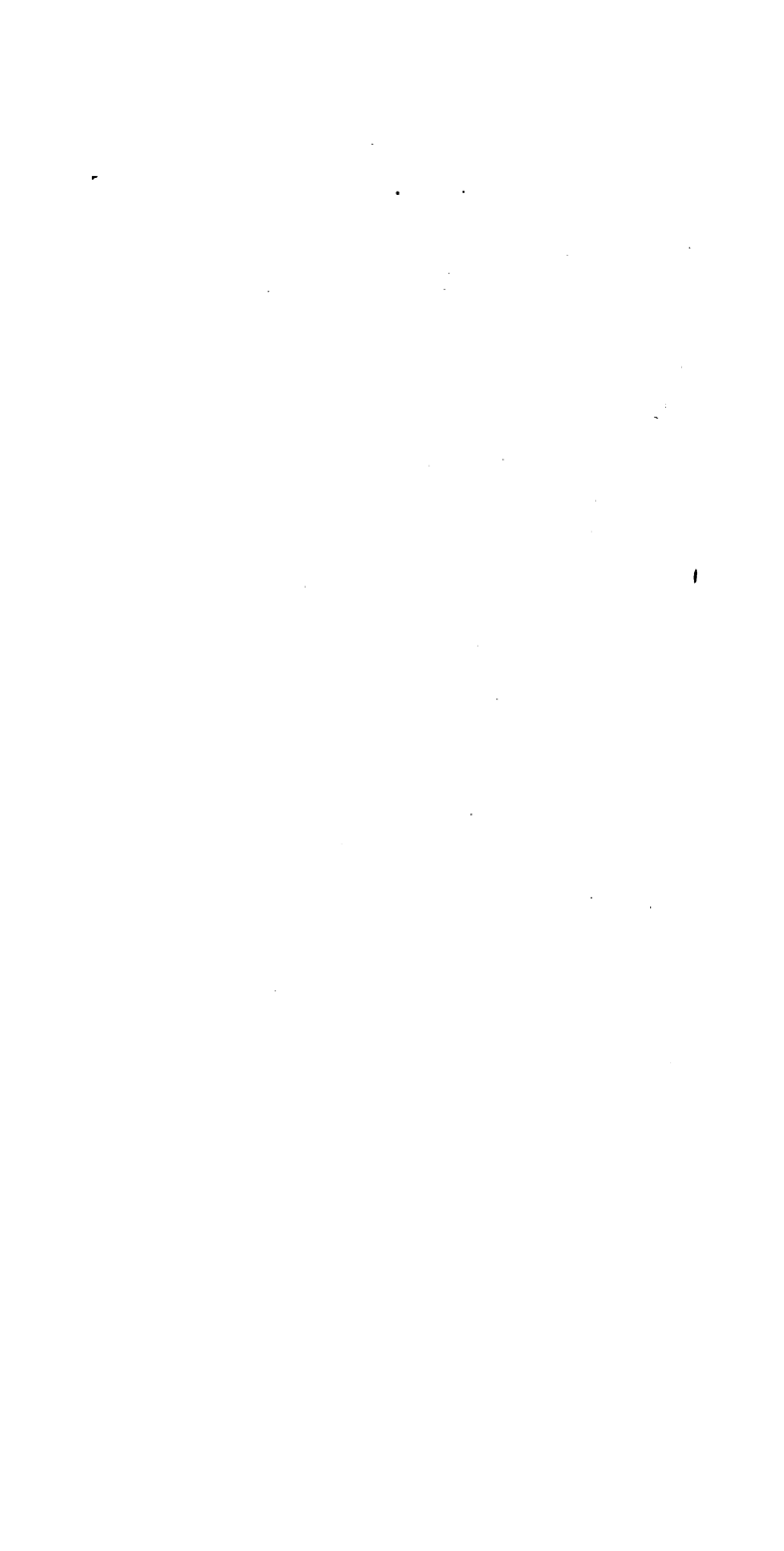
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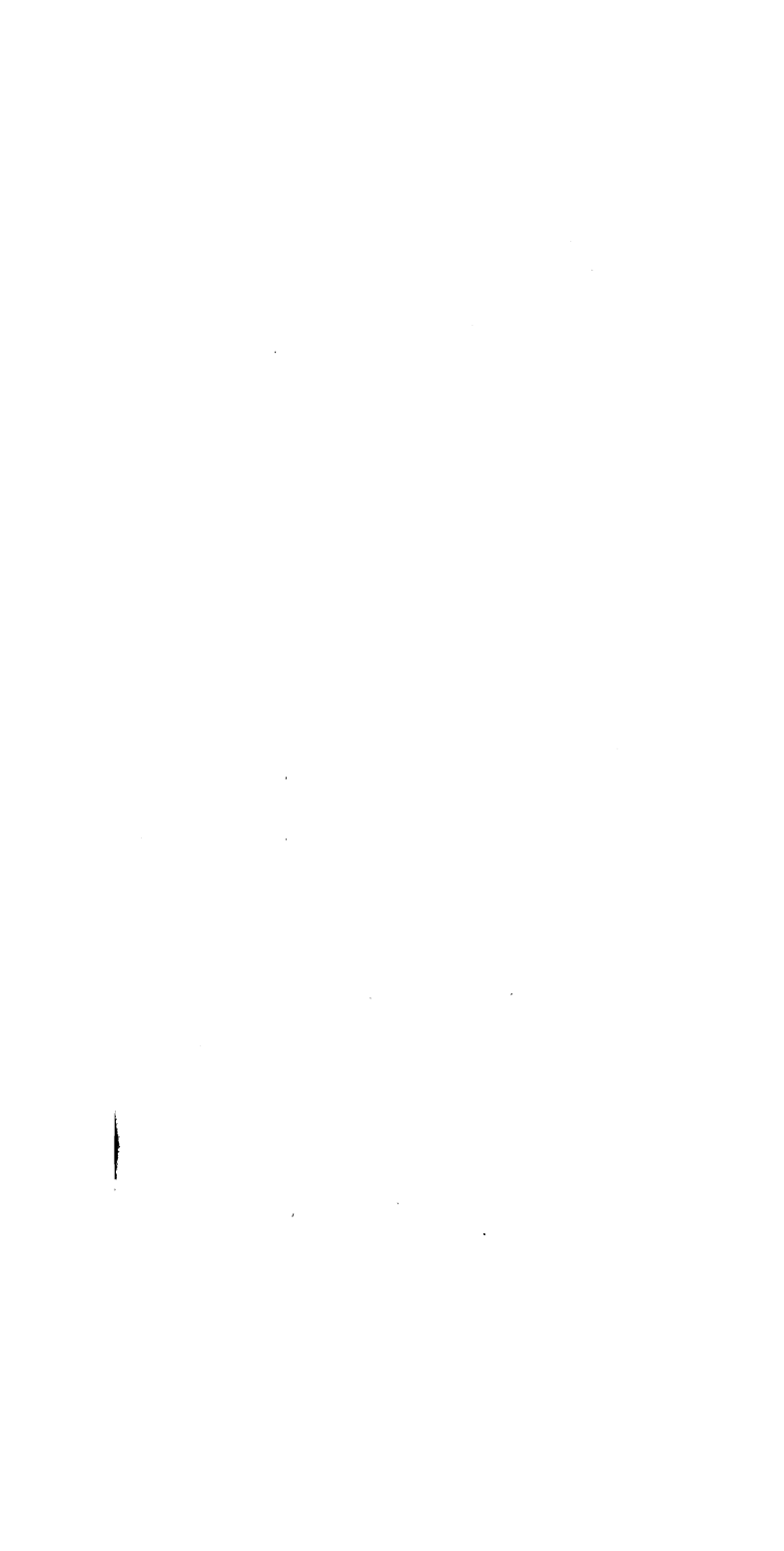
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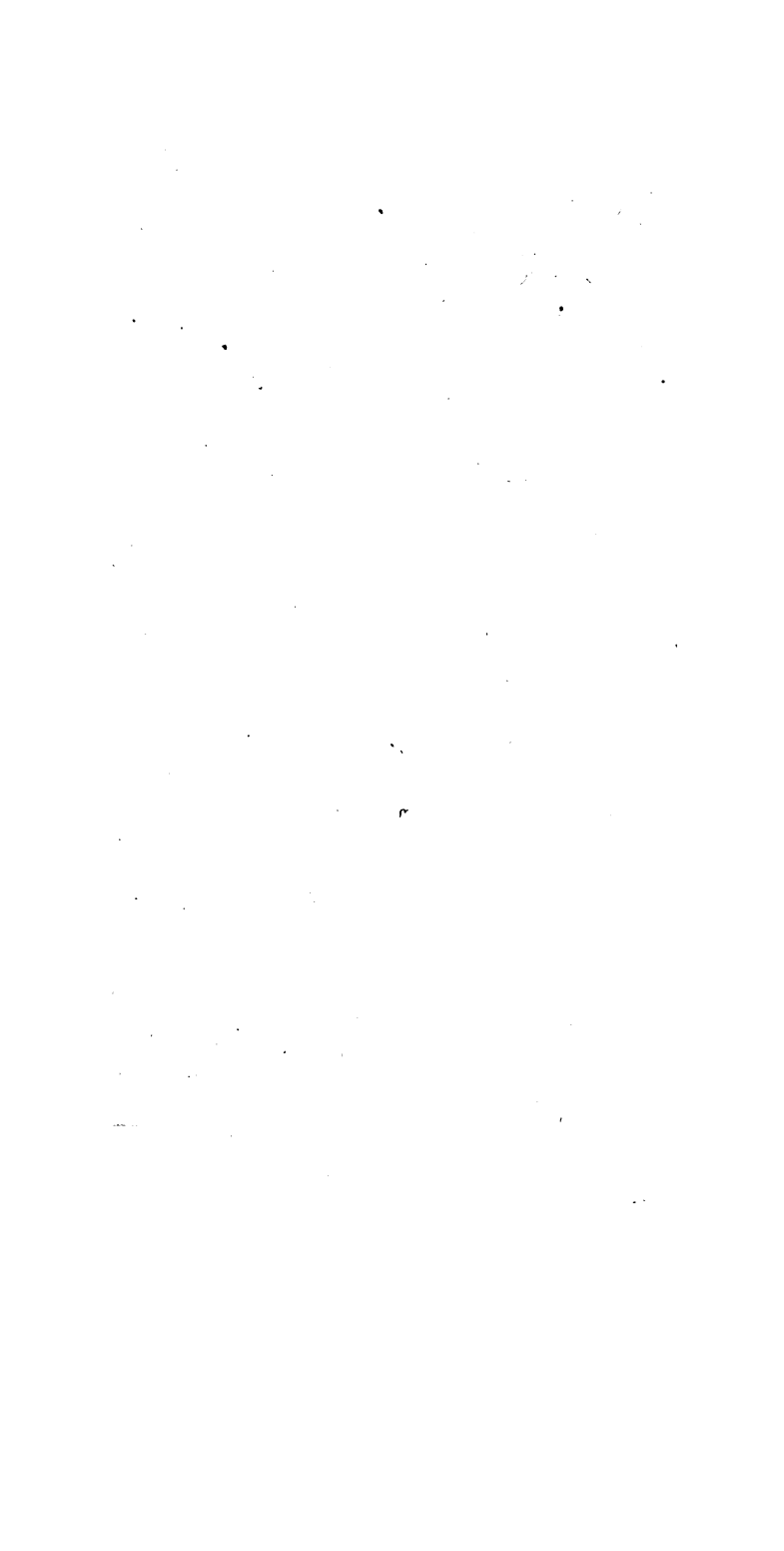
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A

WORLD WITHOUT SOULS,

AND

THE VELVET CUSHION.

John Albany
BY J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A. M.

VICAR OF HARROW.

Albany :

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GREEN & Co.

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1815.

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A

WORLD WITHOUT SOULS.





A
WORLD
WITHOUT
SOULS.

“ —Dat inania verba,
DAT SINE MENTE SONUM.”—VIRGIL.

BY J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A. M.
VICAR OF HARROW ON THE HILL.

FROM THE
FIFTH LONDON EDITION,
WITH GREAT ALTERATIONS.

Albany:
.....
GREEN & Co.

.....
1815.

G. J. Loomis & Co. Printers.



PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

It has seemed right to the Author to meet the increased demand for this little work, by the publication of another edition. But, at the same time, it appeared to be a duty which he owed, both to himself and to the public, not to re-publish a work, written at a very early period of his life, without attempting some correction of its more obvious faults. Accordingly, the fifth edition is presented to the public with great alterations. One new chapter had already been added in the fourth edition; and another is added in this. The Author has moreover bestowed no little pains in qualifying both sentiments and expressions which greatly

needed such qualification. It was also his wish, as well to have cleared the work of an air of flippancy and severity too prevalent in many parts of it—as to have simplified and otherwise improved its style. But the faults, both of manner and of composition, are in many instances so wrought into the texture of the work, that it is impossible materially to change the one without destroying the other. He has therefore only to request, that the public, who have so charitably received it in its original state, will extend their patronage to it now, that it appears, as he hopes, with less glaring deficiencies than before.

HARROW,
Jan. 11, 1815.

Dedication

TO A

WORLD *WITH* SOULS.



It is peculiar to Columbus and to me, to make the old world acquainted with the new one. But it is not only thus generally that we resemble each other. Some Spanish historians, who perhaps thought that the hemisphere in which they themselves lived, must of necessity be the best of all possible hemispheres ; or who imagined it of little use to have discovered a world if it was not a strange world ; or who suspected that the achievements of some of their countrymen in America might, by the world in general, be mistaken for murder—endeavoured to prove that the *Americans had no souls*. Now, what was charged upon his world, is true of that to which I introduce you.—
They are without souls.

It may be thought that the history of Columbus might have rendered me more cautious in making known my discoveries. The irons, in which he was permitted to moralize on the benefits of enriching and improving mankind, are doubtless kept ready, by the Inquisition, for those who shall be weak enough to repeat his offence. If, however, my perils were greater than they are, I should still not hesitate to encounter them. "Being a man, all that is human is dear to me;" and I must not hesitate to plunge into the gulf, if I may hope to bury any of the vices or follies of the world with myself.

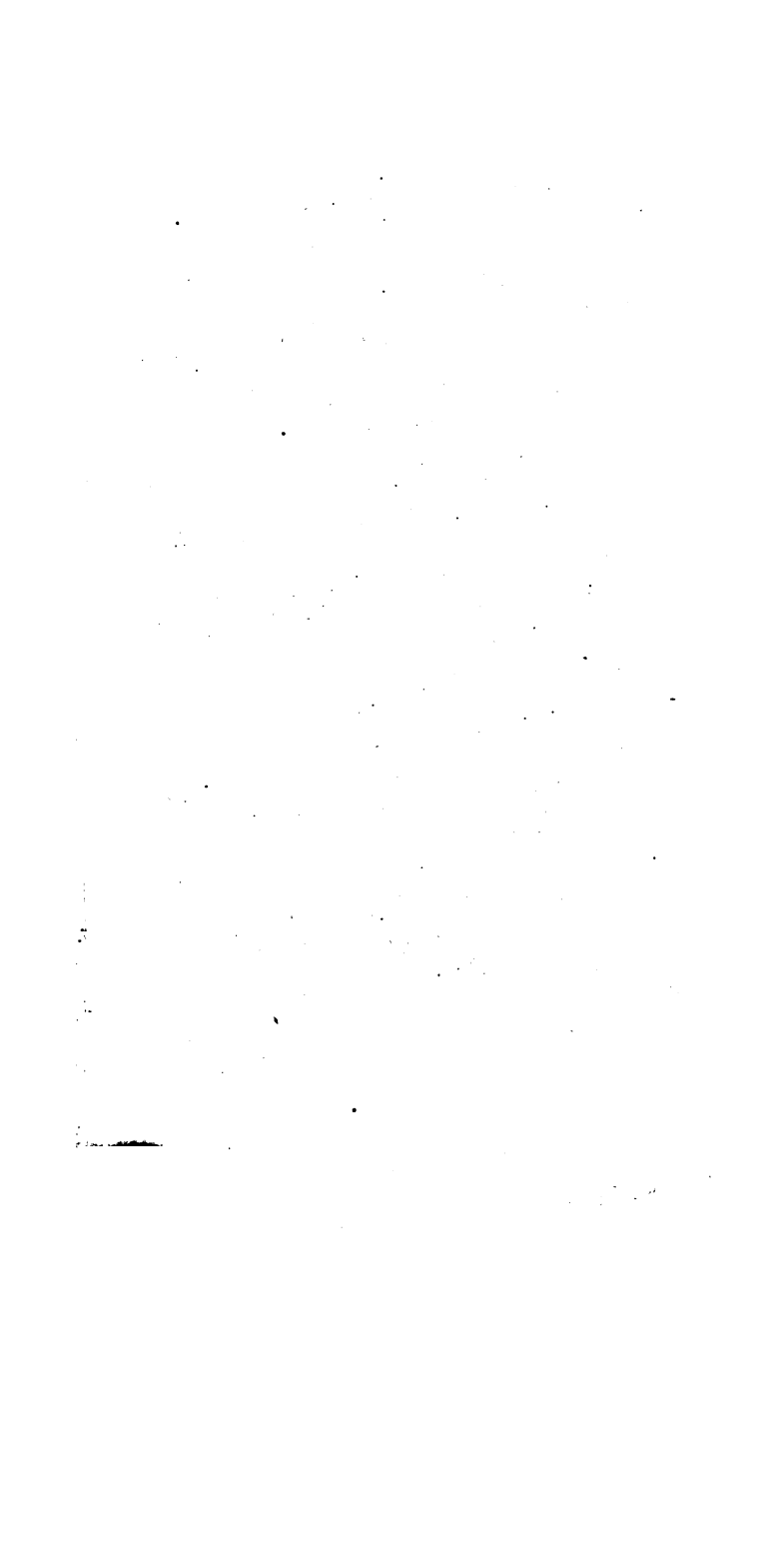
Let me entreat, however, that nothing I have said may lead you, for a moment, to confound the discoveries of Columbus with mine. It might have been well, if in addition to, or perhaps in the place of, the gold of the western continent, Europe had imported some of her rough virtues. These, passed, if I may so speak, through a Christian mint, might by their sterling weight, have served to displace some baser metal from the circulation. But my world, I fear, has few qualities which it would be desirable to transplant to any new soil. I leave you, therefore, with this request—that, as a world *with* souls, you will make a world *without*

souls your negative example ; by neglecting many things which it does, and doing every thing which it neglects.

A friend to yourself, and an enemy to your vices.

I am, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.





A

WORLD WITHOUT SOULS.

CHAP. I.

“WHENCE it is plain that these men *have no souls.*”—“Incredible!” said Gustavus, as he read the sentence—“the Spaniard must be mistaken.”—“By no means incredible,” said M. who read the sentence with him.

The two remarks were made beneath the shade of an oak which frowned over one of the wildest rocks of St. Foy. Gustavus was seventeen; his friend was sixty. They were the inhabitants of a cottage, for whose foundation its builders might be said to have wrenched a spot of ground from nature. A little level had been planed in the stubborn surface, and their two rooms rested upon the mountain like the nest of some bird upon the bosom of the woods.

M. had brought his young companion to Switzerland when an infant, and they had not quitted it even for a day. Gustavus had lost his parents

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before he could learn their inestimable value. There was therefore an easy translation of his affection to the person of M. whom he loved, as the heart is likely to love, which has but few objects. For M. also, habit had in a great measure done the work of nature : and this son of his adoption occupied that place in his bosom which his own had left empty by an early flight to Heaven. A simple, but a solemn compact, seemed to have taken place between them—"I will be to thee a parent—I will be to thee a child."

I ought to describe the persons whom I have thus introduced upon the scene, and shall begin with M.—Le Brun would have said, from his wrinkled countenance, "he is a man familiar with sorrows." If, however, he had ever tossed in a sea of troubles, it was evident that the storm was gone by. Piety and peace had met together in his bosom ; and like the fabulous twins of other days, this union had spread a calm upon the waters. His manner, perhaps, had suffered more than his character ; it was absent and sometimes abrupt. His conversation was rather surrendered than bestowed ; but it was a generous and entire surrender when the demand was made. If his sayings had a flavour of salt in them, they had

no bitterness. Like most men, he had peculiarities ; some of which were by no means defensible. He valued knowledge, for instance, but he sought it in unusual channels. He loved virtue, but he sometimes pursued it by questionable courses. In the opinion of the world his sentiments also upon religion would, I fear, be esteemed peculiar ;—his charities might by some be called extravagance, and his piety enthusiasm—but then the judgment of the world is not always to be trusted upon these points. In the village of St. Foy the simple people loved him as a father.—And they saw him too often and too clearly to be much mistaken in him.

There is another portrait yet to be sketched, but it is easily done. At the age of Gustavus characters have much the same features. Not indeed that the mind is the mere sheet of white paper to which some philosophers have compared it. For, if as susceptible, it is by no means as pure. But as, in our way to manhood, the body universally becomes a prey to a certain series of known evils ; so the same diseases early discover themselves in the human heart, and display themselves in nearly the same form, till modified by circumstances.—M. knew the heart of man, for he

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tricity of M. the declaration which followed. M. as we have said, loved experiments, and he had determined to show his pupil the world, through a singular medium. "If," said he, "I can bring him to a conclusion that those who live as the world live can have no souls—his next conclusion will be—that he, who has a soul, must shun the follies and vices into which they run."—Thus was the point made out. M. sighed to think, that, to make Gustavus what he ought to be, he must endeavor to render him unlike many of his fellow-creatures. This regret, however, was not strong enough to check his design ; and, as he was no longer an old man when he had a new and favorite project to execute, he rushed upon it at once. "It is by no means incredible then," said he to Gustavus, "that this people should have no souls, Other writers have held the same opinion of still larger portions of the world. *Mahomet*, for instance, knew the world, perhaps as well as any uninspired person, and he declares that women have no souls. *Monboddo*, a great philosopher. even in a country of philosophers, and who also says he knew the world, contends that men are only monkies who have rubbed away their tails. A grave Spanish writer has made this theory

more probable by actually proving that the Jews had once tails. Why then should the Americans have souls?" Gustavus was unaccustomed to contend, and was therefore silent. "But this is not all, continued M. "there is nothing so profound as a German metaphysician; and many of them doubt whether *even a metaphysician has a soul*. The French Encyclopediasts also the editors of seventy gigantic volumes—the authors of a more gigantic revolution, assert the same thing; and their disciples, the actors of a revolution, appear to have embraced their opinion. But you shall convince yourself—I will carry you to a *city* where they *have no souls*."

"What is the soul?" said Gustavus.

"To that question," said M. "as you may learn from the case of one of the followers of Aristotle, it is not easy to reply. His master thought the soul *immaterial*, and therefore called it *αυλος* (a-ulos,) which means 'immaterial.' Now the good Dominicans happened to read it *αυλος* (aulos) which means a *pipe*. The consequence of this error was, that, in a public exercise, he brought fourteen arguments to prove *the soul a whistle*. But, as a royal author says, '*les sottises des peres sont perdues pour leurs enfants*;'—every

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man must have his own. Undeterred, therefore, by his failure, I will venture to say thus much of the soul : *it is that property of man in which he resembles God, and by which he is distinguished from the brutes.* I may add, that this resemblance, and this distinction, both consist in virtue."

"The resemblance evidently ; but there are surely other lines of distinction ?"

"If they are lines, they are mathematical lines, without any properties but those which mathematicians assign them. Some *powers* of animals are as strong ; some *instincts* are stronger. The *dog* of Ulysses *remembered* his master when his family forgot him. The *ants* of Flanders were more *provident* than the great Marlborough. He found himself (says one of his annalists) on the plains of Ghent, without a grain of corn to subsist his army ; but supplied them, for some days, upon that which the ants had laid up for their winter's provision."

. "My lines of distinction, I see, are points."

"And your points are air. All distinction but virtue is a mere breath. To be *happy*, is sometimes the lot of animals ; to be *good*, is the privilege of man alone. But, Gustavus, in my turn, I must ask you some questions. According to our

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argument, if a man has a soul, must he not, in all reason, endeavour to be distinguished from the brutes ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Must he not endeavour to resemble God ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Are not his obligations to these endeavours so imperious, that if we find a being, though in the shape of man, who disdains them himself, and laughs at them in others, we may conclude he has *no soul* ?”

“ I should think so”—said Gustavus.

“ Then I will pledge myself to show you a multitude of persons such as these.—We will sail for the city of O. in a week.”

Before I embark with my readers upon this singular expedition, I must try to obviate an objection to this history. They will possibly tell me, that “ it is improbable M. would employ such arguments, and still more improbable Gustavus should be convinced by them.” To this charge I answer—that I never attempted to justify M. ; I have called his plans “ questionable ;” and this project has proved that I have not so called them without reason.—As to Gustavus—though somewhat staggered by the conclusion at which they had

arrived, he could not venture to doubt of its truth, whilst he thought that he had seen and handled every link in the chain of their argument.—My reader should also remember, that, in his eyes, M. was clothed in a kind of papal infallibility, which shielded his opinions almost from examination. But, more than this—Gustavus had rarely or never been deceived.—And it is an unusually bad mind to which suspicion is *natural*—or which looks for snares before it has fallen into them. For my own part, I place little confidence in the man on whom no stratagem ever succeeded; and I ever give that mind credit for the greatest familiarity with truth, which least questions the veracity of another.—He therefore who thinks with me, will acknowledge, that credulity is *that* weakness which lingers the longest amidst the virtues; and in such a case as that of Gustavus, if he admire him the less for it, will yet perhaps love him the more. He will perhaps speak of him as

“ a brother, noble,

Whose nature is so far from doing harm,
That he suspects none.”

CHAP. II.

SHAKESPEARE, although he violates every one of the unities, is yet a philosopher and a poet. He says,

“Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.”

Gustavus could attest the truth of this, for he was to travel, and he was in love. “It is hard,” he almost murmured, “to leave one who has a soul, or those who have none.” But it is those who are left that are the greatest sufferers. All is loss to them; whilst those who travel, if they lose in one scale, by shifting scenes and new connexions, gain a something in the other. “If they have no souls, my Emily,” he said, “at least their hearts cannot be worth the having.”—Emily was the daughter of a Mad. de N. a widow, and an inhabitant of the same valley.—M. had known her in other scenes. Each had been unfortunate; and each found, next to their heavenly Friend, their best refuge in the tenderness of the other. Switzerland, till ruffian feet had penetrated her

recesses, was a city of refuge to the miserable of every age and country. The solitary grandeur of her mountains harmonized with the frame of their mind. Weary of man, they often sought, and found, a shelter in the untenanted scenes of nature.

These two little families were much united, for they had the "bond which no man breaketh," the bond of common principles. M. used to say, "We want no other chain of affection than the knowledge that we are Christians. As such we must weep and we may rejoice together; for we have been wrecked by the same storm, and are rescued by the same Redeemer." It was reasoning only fit for St. Foy, but her *vallies* seemed to *clap their hands* when they heard it.

It was upon the eve of their departure that M. and his young friend walked for the last time to the cottage of Mad. de N. She had been long familiar with the method of education which M. had adopted. This last scheme was more extraordinary than the rest, and she had reasons of the heart and head for venturing to condemn it. M's principles so tempered his singularities, and the good in his object generally so completely swallowed up all that was dubious in the execution of his plans, that she was obliged to sub-

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—"His ignorance," said M. "so favours the deceit, and O. is so fair a theatre for it, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of forcing him to acknowledge how ill the duties and the conduct of mankind accord."—"He might," she said, "learn it from *himself*."—"Our own faults," said M. "are the last which we make our preceptors."—"He shall learn it from *me*," said Mad. de N.—"*Mahomet* did not know this woman," thought M.

The dialogue of the younger couple may be conceived. Such sayings are like some of the wines of the south, delicious in their proper soil, but they will not bear transporting. "I will write to my Emily whether this people have souls."—"May Heaven," she answered, "take the charge of your own!"

They travelled slowly, for the suns of these vallies are the foes of activity : and as they were not Englishmen, they did not feel themselves obliged to move as though they were running against time. Foreigners are much astonished at the celerity with which many English travellers make the circuit of Europe. "C'est un peuple hypocondriaque"—they sometimes say—"a people who travel to escape suicide." The fact is, that too many Englishmen carry through Europe

the persuasion, that no country is worth examining but their own ; and, thus, the same prejudices which make travelling more essential to them than to any other nation, by haunting them as they move, make it often also more unprofitable.

" There are few men," says a French author, " who know how to take a walk : " if this be true, it will be scarcely disputed that there are still fewer who know how to make a journey. St. Foy, however, by the interest it was calculated to give its inhabitants in the scenes of nature, was a school in which such a lesson could scarcely fail to be learnt ; and M. had studied every page in the great volume of the universe with a curious eye. He found

' Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

" There is something in the sweet hour of prime," he said, as they once met the ascending, day, " which seems to give me another being. It appears like a new creation, and I almost expect to hear the morning stars again ' shout together for joy.' The people of O. sleep long after the sun has quitted his eastern chamber."

" They can have *no souls*," said G.

"I am not surprised, continued M. "that as the unenlightened nations see the orbs of heaven rolling in brightness, they are tempted to adore them. It is said that some of the tribes of *America* worship the sun as the image of God."

"It is an error," said G. "but so sublime an error, that the spaniard must be mistaken."

He lifted his eye to the Alps, which towered around him. A better philosophy was almost necessary to teach men that they are not the pillars on which the heavens are propped. "When one observes the immensity of their bases," he said, "and the abruptness with which they terminate, we cannot but imagine that their heads soar far beyond the clouds in which we lose them."—"They do," replied M. "and in this they shadow out the true religion. Her base is as gigantic, and we should wonder if her summit were not wrapped in misteries which nothing but the eye of Heaven could penetrate."

Gustavus exclaimed, "such must be the *religion of souls*."

There was a pause, for there is something in moments such as these which disposes the mind to silence. But then again, the result of this is sometimes an abundance of the heart, out of which

A WORLD WITHOUT SOULS.

ne mouth will speak. "How much do I owe you," said Gustavus, "that you have taught me to enjoy moments such as these; and, what is more, to improve them! If ever my mind feels as it ought, it is at such seasons as these."

"I will repeat you some verses," said M. "which say the same thing. They were written on a *winter's morning*, when those who love the day are almost impatient of the slow steps by which it advances.

Sunk is that orb in endless sleep
Which us'd to meet our op'ning eyes;

And angry nature bids us weep
A polar night in southern skies.

Eye of the heav'ns! perhaps thy sight
Has sicken'd at a world of crime:

And (wrapp'd o'er us the pall of night,) Thy rays will light some happier clime.

Perhaps thy last sad course was run
Through realms which fear and hate the da

Where ruffians curse the coming sun,
Where idlers sleep whole suns away.

E'en *here* thy burning view would see
Unblushing vice and passion rude,



A WORLD WITHOUT SOULS. 25

And seldom bent the suppliant knee,
And still the lip of gratitude.

Or didst thou roll thy glowing wheel
Where dark ambition goads her steed ;
And plotting statesmen whet the steel,
And bid the mortal battle bleed ?

Or where the Gaul, from Lodi's bridge,
With slaughter'd armies chokes the flood ;
Or where he scales the Alpine ridge,
And dies its virgin snows with blood ?

Such scenes must wound the eye of Heaven—
But has not Heaven, since time begun,
Flung all its million gifts around
On those who ne'er return'd it one ?

O ! starting from thine *almost death*,
Mark, sluggard, *now* yon orb arise ;
And charge the morning's earliest breath
With incense to its native skies :

O yon blue arch the surface span ;
To guilty worlds, see day is given—
O ! Heaven is still the friend of man,
Though man is still the foe of Heaven.

I have no obligation to tell my readers in what direction our travellers journeyed. A few days however brought them to a sea port; the wind was favourable, and a ship ready to sail. They had no sooner lost sight of the fat and lazy plains on the one shore, than the giant cliffs of the other met their eye. G. was surprised to observe the separating waters so narrow. "Compared," he said, "with the seas one reads of, it is but a river, and one is amazed to find its opposite banks so different."—"They are not so different," said M. "as the people who inhabit them. Those philosophers, by the by, who think national character under the sole guidance of climate, who count the virtues of a people on a circle of latitude, and who measure their genius by a thermometer, would find this difference a difficult problem. I wish, however, this difference of character were all. But the stream which divides their countries, whilst it is too narrow for their objects to be different, is too wide for their interests to be the same; and in the contest for these, they have shed as much *blood* as would purple all the waters between them."

"Their leaders of course," said G. "know *they have no souls*, and then to spill this blood is little more than to disturb the same quantity of water

CHAP. III.

ONE of the most obvious claims which a reader has upon him who proposes to amuse or instruct him, is some kind of history of the characters of his drama. On this ground I think it right to give my readers a brief history of Mad. de N. It is M. who tells it; and if they begin to know him, they will perhaps wish to hear it from his lips rather than from mine. I will first, however, state the circumstance which drew forth this history.

It is well known that *love* is the topic, round which, as the bird round its nest, a person in love will continually hover. It was so with Gustavus; and M. had such pleasure in seeing him happy, that when the conversation of his young companion thus settled to its centre, he made no efforts to fly off from it. One kind of philosophy, we read proposed to govern the mind, as conquerors sometimes govern the countries they subdue, by annihilating every one who could resist. But with such philosophy M. had not thought it necessary to make Gustavus acquainted: He had taught him, however, the philosophy of Christ;—which takes the feelings as it finds them, and leaving

what is good in the heart, disciplines all that is rebellious. But it is not wonderful, that at his age, and scarcely familiar with his own principles, his feelings should, as it were break bounds, and the turbulence of his love now and then escape in unguarded expressions.

It was a singular incident that struck out some expressions of this nature, and these again drew from M. the history of which we are in search.—Our travellers were divided from the inhabitants of the next apartment, at an inn on the road, by a very slight partition. But the walls of Thebes would have been almost insufficient to fortify them against the thunders of a tongue, which roared behind it. To this some gentle female voice replied. But the stronger animal appeared plainly to have no ear for it, and loaded the air with the most terrible imprecations. At intervals Gustavus was astonished to hear *God* and the *soul* summoned to sanction what seemed to be the threats of fury, falsehood and impiety. His first inquiry naturally was, “how those *who had no souls*, and could have no God, could swear by them?”

M. was somewhat perplexed by the question but at length answered—“There is nothing unusual. The ancients always swore by Styx, the

not one in a million believed in the existence of such a river. They even made their gods swear by it, although they must know that the Styx never flowed through any regions, but the brains of a poet. In like manner atheists, perhaps more than any other men call God to witness what they say. Or if this explanation does not satisfy you, let the men of O. themselves do it. Charge them with oaths of this kind ;—and to a man, they will tell you “ that they had no meaning in them : ”—so that you must not wonder, that they talk nonsense, when they mean nothing more.”

“ Thus far I must acknowledge,” replied Gustavus, “ that those who knew God would scarcely desire him as a witness of their own fury ; and that those that *had souls* would scarcely stake them either upon a trifle, or a falsehood.”

The conversation naturally soon turned upon the contrast of voice, manner, and character, which was displayed by the combatants.

“ These two things are obvious concerning them,” said M. that they are man and wife, and that one is under the influence of religion, and the other unacquainted with it. Marriage, my dear Gustavus, is like some exquisite instrument, which can be tuned only by the hand of heaven. God who

made the hearts, alone can harmonize them, by the infusion of common views, and hopes, and joys." It was here that those tempestuous feelings in Gustavus of which we spoke, broke out, and proved that man sometimes bows to other idols than those of wood and stone.

"Emily then being as good as she is," he said hastily, "I may love her; but, even were she otherwise, I should still hope to make her my own. Let her have *love*—and *religion* would follow."

"I wished never to tell you the history of Madam de N." replied M. in his somewhat abrupt manner, "till it could be useful to you. This speech of yours convinces me you ought to hear it."

Gustavus rejoiced at this casual completion of a wish he had more than once expressed in vain; and M. thus proceeded:

"The first words which Caroline St. Amand ever heard from the lips of her parents were those by which they taught her to honour God: and her knees were bent and her hands clasped in the attitude of devotion long before it was possible for her to know the object of prayer. They loved indeed to see her rehearse, from the first, those scenes of piety which they trusted she would upon the stage of life. She lived with them th

fore as in a temple, and soon felt every where that fear of doing wrong which even the worst sometimes manifest in spots sacred to religion.—

The happiness of this small circle, however, was soon to be disturbed. Those who are the fittest for eternity seem often to be first called to the enjoyment of it. Her father died suddenly by a fever when she was ten years old ; and her mother did not long survive him. The desire of her parents had been, that Caroline should be sent for the completion of her education to the place of her birth—a spot no less retired and romantic than St. Foy ; and where a person resided every way fitted for the task. It was there she became that enthusiast in nature we have found her ; and it was there she made her own those principles which the last breath of a parent had bequeathed to her. She, at first, respected religion for their sakes, and then loved it for its own. At the age of eighteen, however, she was summoned to the house of one of her relations who had undertaken the charge of her. He was a man singular in no respect ; but one who, living in a capital, walked with the great herds of it, neither bending to the right hand nor to the left, to take an unusual step in the way of virtue. As Caroline quitted those

oaks which, from a child, had waved their broad arms over her in defiance of the tempest, she thought whether the world would amidst its own storms, provide her friends such as these ; and as they bowed their tall heads to the passing wind, she acknowledged it as a sort of silent language by which they bade her farewell. ‘ If,’ she said to her melancholy companion, ‘ the spirit could take any visible form, you would often see me wandering amidst these shades we have loved together.’—‘ If not,’ replied her aged friend, ‘ I shall hope to meet that spirit elsewhere.’ Caroline soon left her retirement, casting almost that ‘ long-ing lingering look behind’ which they cast, who are passing from one world to another.

“ But she was at an age when our opinions sit loosely upon us ; and when, if the tastes and passions seem to take a stronger hold, still they are ready to quit it for any new object. It is not matter of surprise therefore, that she had not been long placed in her new residence before she began to feel the influence of that fascination which the walls of a great city are known to exert upon those whom they encircle. The child of solitude indeed, especially where the wide difference between the world and retirement has no

fairly stated, is very apt to go into the world unprepared for the conflicts of it. Caroline fell a victim, in part, to this indiscretion. She had exchanged the rocks and trees, her former companions; for living creatures; and she soon caught something of the surrounding animation, and began rather to court dissipation than to retreat from it.

“During this time, although the principles she had at first learned, filled as large a place in her mind as ever, she naturally did not call them up to her view as frequently as before. She had not indeed abandoned them, but she had in a degree laid them by; little thinking that negligence is scarcely less fatal to them than opposition. I mention this state of her mind because it explains the circumstances which followed.—In this fatal hour M. de N. was introduced. He was a man to whose person and mind nature had given the most noble and masculine features; but she could not climb to Heaven to steal for him that sacred fire, without which, man had better have continued to slumber amidst his fellow-atoms in the dust. Religion, however, was less missed in him, who, without it, seemed to wear many of its graces; and Caroline, especially, was not at an age when,

feelings, still there is in religion or irreligion a kind of omnipresence, by which they are seen and felt in every thing which their possessors say or do. She soon saw therefore, that, if she attempted to touch the string of religion, there was within him nothing which answered; that whilst she hoped to walk as a stranger and pilgrim in the world, he made it his home; that if he did right it was frequently without a motive, or from a false one. It was plain also, that he did not love her for her piety, but rather winked at it; that he viewed it as her weak point—as a kind of dead weight, which her other excellencies alone could balance.

“ I need not explain to you the effects of this discovery upon Caroline, or her sensations, when she saw herself cast upon the world with such a guide. I have often, in my own mind, compared her situation to that of the unhappy creatures, when, as it is said, not unfrequently, in the northern seas, quit their boats in search of prey, and upon the floating fields of ice: where suddenly some shock cuts off the morsel on which they feed, and they are launched into the vast deep, without friend but their icy carriage.

“ Of her conduct I must say, and my in-

with both entitles me to speak confidently, that she bent évery nerve to the task of reclaiming him ; that she sometimes attempted to force, but oftener to soften a way to his heart—that she never forgot to be a wife, because he was not a Christian.

“ But I have to explain the influence of her conduct upon her husband.

“ She had hoped that there was some modification of an ambitious mind, by which it might aspire to an union with God ; and that the eye which rejoiced in every vast object, would naturally rest itself upon eternity. But she was deceived. Religion seemed, in his eyes, to degrade every thing which it touched. Although he looked above the world he never looked to Heaven. For some years then he met her arguments and her affection, when employed in the service of religion, with almost equal insensibility. Nor was this all. It was impossible for such a mind as his to be long satisfied with the middle point, and there was therefore scarcely any place for him between an enthusiast and an infidel. In a short time, he found his little belief a burden to him, and became the last.

“ I have said, with how lofty a nature he was endowed. His hopes and projects were such as

might be expected from one thus constituted, and did not accommodate themselves to the dull realities of life. Shall we wonder then, that the visions he sought continually eluded his grasp ? This by degrees, however, soured his disposition ; and as the space between the opposite extremes is seldom great, the once sanguine N. sat down in sullenness and despair. His love of Caroline was indeed the last anchor which the storm carried away. But as he had not taken the ground of infidelity from a clear and conscientious conviction that it was the best, but had hewn it out as a place of refuge from irresolution and indifference ; —the subject of religion became intolerable to him. Whenever, therefore, her mild language or bright example pressed it upon him, he felt it as a wound, and began to dislike the hand which gave it. It was with himself that he was angry, but he soon vented his spleen upon her. One act of unkindness ever produces another, for ‘ men always hate those they have injured.’ At the end of six years therefore, when the last sentiment which had lent any grace or polish to the colossal features of his character was worn away, he stood like some shapeless relic from the hand of a great master—which we admire only for what it has been.



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“ At the same time there were many intervals during this period, in which he seemed to start back into himself. I shall mention one. Their only child was our own Emily. As N. had now taken a decided part in his hostilities to religion, Caroline trembled at the influence he might have with her, when her advanced years should throw her more into his society. During the first part of her life, she herself naturally enjoyed the almost exclusive management of her ; and, throughout this period, she watched with all the eagerness of a mother’s eye, every avenue by which corruption could enter. She even felt it her duty, painful as was the task to her, to guard her child against the sentiments of its father ;—she did more, for she taught her to lift her little hands in supplication to God for mercy upon him.

“ It was to a scene of this kind, that N. was accidentally a witness. She had been teaching Emily in what sense God is the *Shepherd* of his people. The door was not closed, and as he stood there, he saw Madame de N. in the attitude of prayer—her eyes lifted upwards, but dim with anguish. Emily knelt beside her, touched by her mother’s sufferings, and in childish accents repeating her petition, ‘ O thou great Shepherd, bring

‘back thy lost sheep to the fold.’ There was something in the scene which spoke to a heart strung like that of N. He felt it, I believe, deeply.

“It was the same evening that he stood for some time musing upon a painting by a celebrated master of the Roman school ; in which, whilst a holy family are taking their flight to Heaven, one despairing wretch among them is struck to the ground by its thunders. He seemed greatly agitated—beckoned Caroline in a hurried manner—laid his finger upon the figure, and rushed out of the room.

“Such lucid intervals (if I may so call them) were however transient, and every day more rare. About the middle of the tenth year of their marriage, the apathy of which I spoke had so completely fixed itself upon him, that it would have almost been as easy to have roused his statue as himself, to any interest in the common circumstances of life.

“There is but one employment (I dare not call it amusement) to which such a state of mind eminently disposes men. It is said, that the ancient Goths, during the time of peace, would doze away whole years in the most senseless sloth, unless called from it to *gamble*. It was then that the



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yes again lighted up with savage fires, and their passions swelled with wonted fury. Thus engaged, they would sit till one or the other party had lost his property, his children, his arms, and even his person; as though they refused to live, except when they could butcher their enemies or ruin themselves. It is a ferocious picture of man; but alas! it is the portrait of N. The first time he took the box in his hand, he seemed to cast the die of his own fate. Having once burst under the bands of his lethargy, he seated himself at these tables of ruin, and scarcely ever quitted them. He appeared to take a gloomy delight in the convulsions of mind, which were wrought by the vicissitudes of his new employment; and, so that he could feel, he seemed to care little for the nature of his sensations. The grief of Caroline naturally kept pace with the frenzy of her husband. It was not, however, for herself she grieved, but for him. From the history of other gamblers, and from her intimacy with the mind of N. she borrowed a kind of prophetic insight by which she was enabled to look through the shades of his future destiny. She saw that it was impossible for such a man to be a gambler, and not to be undone.

"It was one evening when N. had gone from home under singular agitation of mind, that she requested I would follow him to a gaming-house which he was known to frequent. This place was celebrated for the pillage of all who were not initiated in the crooked and mysterious arts of those in whose hands it was. As the police of Paris was at that time the most vigorous in the world, the owners of this institution contrived so to fortify the approach to it, that, in cases of alarm, they might remove all the instruments of their trade before the officers entered. By secret means, however, I obtained an entrance; and I opened the door as I should that of the regions appropriated to the wicked. When I entered, every one appeared to be full of his employment. As my business was rather to see than to be seen, I took my station in a place fitted to my purpose. The scene which presented itself, had for me a kind of terrific interest which I cannot explain to you. When I contemplated the faces around me, I seemed to be introduced to a new set of passions; or to combinations of them more terrible than those which usually present themselves. I fancied in almost every man a Cethegus or a Catiline—a conspirator against the happiness of mankind. Enthus



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I am in liberty, I could have almost rejoiced, when all the malignant humours of the body politic seemed thus drawn to a point, to have seen the end of authority forcibly cut them away. To this hour, many of the figures of this society haunt me. I saw hands which charity never lifted, eyes that never prayed, knees that never bent, countenances where, if I may so express it, 'God had forgotten to be gracious.' The only ray of comfort which broke through the awful gloom was that which showed me that each one in this assembly appeared to be let loose against another as ferocious as himself. But even that vanished when I turned my eyes upon N.—Wan and emaciated, his forehead ridged with a thousand storms, his eyes red and glaring, his manner sullen and desperate; he recalled to my mind the first murderer, when driven out as a fugitive from God. His punishment' was even now 'greater than he could bear.'—But let us hasten, my Gustavus, from this unholy ground. I found an opportunity, during the night, of painting to him in strong colours the terrors of his situation; but his answer indicated, that he had looked his ruin too often in the face, to be restored to virtue by any picture I could bring before him. I spoke to him of Caro-

and barred his door against that bosom on which he might profitably have rested all his cares. Caroline heard his door close, and, although she felt the cruelty and the desperation of that sorrow which refuses to communicate itself, she little thought that he had now shut himself from her and from the world for ever.

“After I quitted him, the good fortune or the knavery of his associates had put the last stroke to his undoing; and the lofty N. was now a beggar. Pride sometimes supports men under an honorable poverty, but no one is proud of the desolation which his own hand has made. N. felt all the agonies of a wounded spirit, when he saw in himself the executioner, as it were, of his own dignity and happiness. In the solitude of his chamber he was able to measure his calamities on every side. It was here, that, with every thing except God shut out, he found the eye of God too strong for him; and resolved, in order to escape the certain evils of his present state, to rush upon what (according to *his* creed) were the tremendous uncertainties of another. He determined upon making the awful experiment whether there was any hell worse than the bosom of a gamester. In little more than an hour the watch-

ful Caroline heard the report of a pistol in his room. Wild with fear, she rushed to his door. It gave way, and she reached him just soon enough to mark those last struggles and convulsions with which the soul tears itself from the body. In the fixed contemplation of this awful spectacle she lost her reason. When I was sent for, I found indeed, that they had forcibly separated her from the corpse: but that the bleeding image seemed to haunt her every where. She did not, for a long time, notice me; and at last threw on me only that vacant gaze which indicates that the imagination and the memory are too busy to let the senses do their duty. By degrees, however, the violence of her disorder subsided, but her complete recovery was for a long time doubtful. Madness often delights in some particular position or action; and the disordered mind will mischievously act over again those scenes in which its frenzy originated. I have watched her sit for hours, with her hand projected before her face, in the attitude of intense expectation. In this situation, if she heard the slightest noise, she would shriek aloud, 'A pistol!'—and rush towards the sound. Even now, if she sees the mountain sportsman, with his gun, pursuing the wild chamois amidst the rocks

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of St. Foy, she will hasten to her room—afraid to trust the slight thread by which reason is held. God however preserves that reason to her, and she will use it, Gustavus, to give Emi-
none but a Christian.”

CHAP. IV.

IT was on the morning of Sunday that Gustavus first opened his eyes in O. He had some difficulty in convincing himself that the elements were not convulsed. The darkness of a great city around him, who had never quitted Switzerland, was most supernatural, and the sound of coaches seemed like subterraneous thunder. The foot-
around him were loud and incessant. “The people seem, at all events, to *have bodies*,” said.

It was some consolation to him to hear the note of a distant bell, which hailed the dawning of the new day. It is far less certain whether sounds move in lines or circles, than that those who would know the way to the heart, would do well to follow it. Gustavus was transported in a moment to St.



and, in a moment, forgot O. its noises and its bells, in her rocks, in that small and single bell to which they echoed, and in her whom his memory ever summoned when he thought of any thing he loved. He saw her with her circle of little mountaineers around her, teaching them how praise might be perfected even from lips such as theirs. It was a moment favourable to the sex;—"they *have* souls," said he, "though Mahomet might not know it."

In the course of the morning their inclinations and habits forced them into a church. M. said, as he entered it, "How melancholy were those times, when the inhabitant of any country could not quit it without seeing temples raised to other gods than his own! The Christian pilgrim now finds the altar of his God through whatever civilized land he bends his steps; and his religion has thus, in the best sense, made him a citizen of the world."

The prayers, though indifferently read, soon attracted the attention of Gustavus, and he could scarcely wait for a pause in the service to express his admiration of them. "Are these the prayers," he said, "of a people *without souls*?"

"When I told you," answered M. "what these people are, I did not tell you what they have been. They are the relics of a great and good people."

These prayers are not the production of the day, but the prayers of their ancestors—of men who had souls, and who felt and acted as though they had. Would that this nation had known religion to be the best legacy, and with the soil had inherited all the virtues of their ancestors!”

As M. had taken pains to select from the mass of the clergy one more especially suited to his purpose, Gustavus had almost immediate occasion to remark that the two divisions of the service did not strictly harmonize. A shadowy form at length took possession of the pulpit. He preached languidly for eleven minutes, prayed more languidly for two, and then dismissed his audience with a cold eye and a whispered benediction.

“The sermons of St. Foy,” said Gustavus, “are longer.”

“Eleven minutes,” answered M. “would ill satisfy ears greedy of intelligence from Heaven. Such sermons are a kind of spiritual apparition: airy, unsubstantial, appearing for a moment, and then dying away.—Such evanescent divinity would not be endured at St. Foy—but then its inhabitants have souls; the preacher of to-day knows his audience have none. But,” continued he, as they paced the street, “the sermon is worthy of



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examination, in order to ascertain the point for which we travel. We must, however, lower our tones in conversing on this subject; for these people have the same superstitious foible with some of the most renowned Greeks—that of conceiving all grave discourse to be ominous. The Athenians banished even the word ‘*sleep*’ from polite society, because they conceived sleep to be an image of ‘*death*.’”

“But the Greeks had souls,” said Gustavus.

“They thought they had none, and the reality and the supposition render men equally absurd. But to return,” continued M.; “if either the preacher or his audience *had souls*, these consequences would follow. The soul is more important than the body—he would therefore speak more of it. The soul may perish—he would have shown its danger. The soul may be saved—he would have adverted to the Saviour of it.—What can you say of such a people, Gustavus?”

“I must say, I fear,” replied Gustavus, “what the Spaniard said—they have no souls.”

As in the course of the conversation, they had returned to the door of the church they had quitted, accident threw the preacher in their way. G. expressed a strong desire to converse with the

first of this race whom he had seen in canonicals : and M. was equally desirous of gratifying it. They accordingly joined him, and soon found, that, as far as an acquaintance with a certain number of texts, and with the exact manner in which the world never fails to apply them, could prepare him for the defence of his opinions—he was prepared.

After various observations of the preacher, M. said, “The principal object, then, of your discourses, is to restrain the ardour of religion, which, you say, is the besetting sin of your city?”

“Undoubtedly, Sir. And are we not cautioned in the book you so loudly praise, against being ‘*righteous overmuch*?’” M. whispered, “This is the madness of a physician, who, with a patient chilled by an ague, should use all the medicines which are prescribed for a fever.” He turned to the disputant. “I had been taught,” said he, “to think that this expression inculcated the shunning an ostentatious display of piety, and the sacrifice of all idle ceremonies of religion, to our real social duties. I will allow, however, that an interpretation which requires of every man only that precise quantity of piety which is most agreeable to him, is far more convenient.”

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“Why, yes, Sir; and such is the spirit of religion: for is it not said that ‘*charity covereth a multitude of sins?*’”

“You mean,” said M. “that our laxity to others ensures the mercy of God to ourselves. But give me leave to hint, that this interpretation also, may have some objections. What, for instance, is meant by charity?”

“*Almsgiving*”—said the preacher. “*We* employ it almost exclusively in that sense.”

“In the *plural* pronoun you have used, Sir, you do not, I presume, include the apostles and fathers of the church. St. Paul, on the contrary, says, ‘If I give all my goods to feed the poor, and *have not charity*, it profiteth me nothing.’ *He* took the portrait of Charity warm from a divine original, and therefore made philanthropy one of her features; but at the same time his canvass glows with many others. He does not chain her to this world; but displays her touching Heaven while she stands upon Earth, and bowing down to practise among men that good will she has learned above. Study his portrait, and you will say, that ‘Charity is love to man, founded upon love to God.’ The Apostle never imagined that we could compromise for our neglect of the Maker, by acts

of mercy to the thing made; or conceived, as Catholics have paraphrased the doctrine you deliver, that when 'the money jingled in the chest, 'the soul ascends to heaven.' Charity, Sir, as it seems to me, knows nothing of 'covering' or mitigating the offences of man in the view of his God, though, to her own sight, she ever softens the complexion of another's crime, by the deep colouring with which she imbues her own."

The heart of Gustavus burned within him as he heard him speak. The harangue, however, had scarcely reached the preacher; for he and the "deaf adder" had a property in common, which rendered the head and heart equally impregnable. Some tones, indeed, he caught, which differed from the honeyed accents with which some of the fairer members of his congregation were accustomed to address him. At length he said, "If, Sir, it be true, as you seem to suspect, that I take out of the scale of Piety, it must, however, be remarked, that I load that of Morals. And to this kind of holy barter the present state of the nation forces us. We have, Sir, among us, men who preach the damnable heresy of 'faith *without* works.'"

"There is no heresy more atrocious," said M.



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If you mean the doctrine that good works are necessary to a true Christian ; and your accusation is probably just as far as respects a very few. It is possible also, that still more, either through carelessness, or through eagerness upon purely doctrinal points, have used a more doubtful language on this important subject than became them.—But, as to many against whom the charge is brought, I would ask, how is this fact ascertained ? Have you read their works, or heard their sermons ?”

“No ; nor would this, perhaps, have convinced them ; for, by some ingenious contrivance, I understand that they manage to treat at large, and enforce, every moral virtue.”

“Their lives then are, perhaps, worse than those of others ?”

“On the contrary, they might be Stoics for their sterility.”

“This is marvellous,” said M. “because habitual good conduct can flow only from good principles. To say of any one—‘he believes that which *must* make him a good man’—is at once to define a Christian. Beware therefore how, when you thus see the pulse of morals beat, you declare religion to be dead in the heart, or how you

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to a man who has, more than I have, made the matters his study." With three strides the boy vanished.

"Are there then ministers," said Gustav
"who have not made these matters their study

"Yes," said M. "in a nation who *have*
"souls."



CHAP. V.

THEY had given no express orders about the time of dinner, but had confided their fates to the keeping of custom, the only goddess of fashionable society.

Gustavus was astonished, that, at a period thirty hours after that assigned at St. Foy for this great purpose of our being, he could discover no hint even of its approach. As he had risen at his usual hour, and had forgotten the fact which M. had mentioned, that this new world did not quit the feathered graves till five hours later, he could not conceal his astonishment at this delay.

"This people *without souls*," said he, "appears however, to have unusual powers of body."

"If that were true," said M. "it would not



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singular : for camels live without water for many days ; wolves fast for a week."

They had finished their meal, when a servant entered the room, and said, " I have discovered a place of the kind you mentioned."

" It is well," said M. " we shall be ready at the time." He quitted the room.—" I intend conducting you this evening, Gustavus, to a scene which you might expect to wound your feelings—into a mad-house."

" I am confident that you will not take me where I ought not to go."

" You have heard me condemn those who hunt even in the straw of the maniac, the food of an impertinent curiosity—who darken the little crevice through which alone light ever enters his dungeon, by robbing him of his only consolation, that of being unseen. But such is not my intention. It is the property of the madness which I desire to show you, that it is careless of spectators ; nay, that it even desires them, because it hopes, that, by gazing, others may contract the same disease."

" Such malice is singular."

" You will see that in fact, they have no malice, but that they only desire for you what constitutes their happiness."

“Charity could do no more—but what is *madness*?”

“Rather than define it, I will distinguish it from idiotism, with which also some acquaintance may hereafter be useful to us. An idiot thinks or acts *unreasonably upon a reasonable* idea: and, *vice versa*, a madman thinks or acts *reasonably upon an unreasonable* idea.* An idiot, for instance, supposes himself, as he is, a man; but acts like any other animal. A madman, on the contrary, supposes himself, which he is not, an emperor; but then he acts like an emperor.”

“In what then are those mad whom we are to see this evening?”

“In this, that they suppose (which, as men of O. is impossible) that *they have souls*, and then, according to the above definition of madness, act *as though they had souls*. An inhabitant of O. who, thinking he had a soul, should act as though he had none, would, you see, according to this rule, be neither pure madman, nor pure idiot, but would, in his own miserable person, comprehend the qualities of both.”

“Have these people any particular name?” asked Gustavus.

* *Vide Locke's Essay on Human Understanding.*

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"The most common," replied M. "is that of enthusiasts."

"What is the meaning of enthusiasm?"

"Its proper meaning is an excessive devotion of the mind to any particular employment or opinion. This afflicted people (as naturally their range of ideas is small,) have chained it to religion alone."

"But surely I have seen the word in some works applied as a term of commendation?"

"You have.—According to the nomenclature of the *world without souls*, enthusiasm in science, is genius; in vice it is spirit; in religion it is madness."

CHAP. VI.

THEY quitted their hotel at the appointed hour. G. walked the streets with eyes dazzled by the flitting of the birds of dissipation, that were now in flocks upon the wing. The carriages were innumerable. "These people of course," said he, "keep no *commandments*, or the needless employment of 'cattle' upon this day would be impossible."

"You do them injustice. They keep this branch of the commandments with some limitation; every thing is allowed a kind of repose but cooks and horses, chairmen and mantua-makers, tailors, publicans and prime ministers. The wants of *bodies* are numberless and voracious, when they have no soul to silence their clamours; like Esau, they will almost barter heaven for a mess of pottage."

"But have they no veneration for the sabbath?"

"Yes, out of respect to it they even change the nature of their amusements. The females select a church, where all genteel christians resort, where the music is good, and the preacher sentimental. The males, for the most part, either travel or write letters."

"Did you not tell me," said Gustavus, "that the park you showed me was in much request on Sundays?"

"Yes," said M.—"there the females '*font une promenade a voiture.*' The males select an adjoining row, and '*font une promenade a cheval.*'"

"So that," said Gustavus, "women, who yet would probably challenge to themselves the title of amiable, do their utmost, by forcing horses and servants upon unnecessary employments, to de-

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fraud two beasts of their lawful rest, and shut out two souls from heaven."

"True," said M. "At the hour of dinner," he continued, "by a social license, not indeed strictly *Protestant*, the Sunday seems to finish, and they assemble in large conventions to discuss and supply the wants of *body*."

"But did you not say that the places of public amusement are shut?"

"I did; but this depends not upon individuals, but upon the legislature; and you will have endless occasion to remark, that in no country is fashion so thoroughly at war with law."

"But how do you know that it is the laws alone, and not the purity of the people, which thus lock the doors of public places?"

"Because, famished in public, they increase the private meal; the rout and the concert, for one night, do the duty of the playhouse and the opera—and patrol the town for the security of the general dissipation. But here observe the cunning peculiar to this species: these meetings, as though names could consecrate things, are often sanctified with the title of 'Concerts of sacred Music.'"

"And are what?"

"Concerts of music composed by persons who

had little religion, and sung often by those who have less : frequently without words ; and if the words be good, they lose their character by the foreign lisp with which they are tortured. Even this would not go down, if now and then an Italian sonnet did not break the dulness of the word of God. With this leaven the lump is palatable."

"I am confounded."

"You can conceive in the mean time, how, in the glare of this Italian sun, the modest plant of devotion must flourish ; how much this festive harmony resembles those sighs over which the angels in heaven are said to rejoice ; and how correct an image this assembly furnishes of that which, formed of the spirits of the just made perfect, shall to harps of gold shout the glories of a crucified Redeemer."

"They have *souls*," said Gustavus, "who shall be thus employed. But do these people offer no vindication for themselves ?"

"Yes ; and because some of them, as we have seen, dabble in Holy Writ, they pretend to find their vindication there. It rests upon two phrases : '*Old things have passed away* :—'What was 'binding upon the Jews, is not upon us.' As though heaven had not destroyed merely the *ceremonial*

law but the *moral* also, and were able to make that false to-day which was true yesterday.—Truth, it should be remembered, is immutable; and the morals of this moment will be the morals of eternity. If this argument fail, they have a scriptural ‘corps de reserve:’ ‘*the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.*’ As if, because the Christian sabbath gave a man liberty to be useful, it also allowed him to be vicious or idle.”

“There is a reading of this passage,” said G. “which Monboddo’s system would justify, and which would at once set this people at ease—‘The ‘sabbath was made for *monkies.*’”

CHAP. VII.

THEY now approached the place of their destination, and Gustavus found it with all the exterior of a church. And such, in fact, it was; for M. had feared the effect of showing Gustavus, even in O. only those preachers or places of worship where the offices of religion were negligently discharged. He who sees religion only in bad company, will be

tempted to degrade it to the rank of its associates. And he was well persuaded that the church of O. supplied many clergy who would dignify and adorn the principles they profess. It was his object, therefore, on the present occasion, to introduce him to a minister of this character. But the plan he had originally proposed to himself obliged him to veil his design under the pretended scheme of visiting a mad-house.

“You are to keep in memory, then,” said he, as they ascended the steps, “that the madman may be perfectly consistent with himself—may be like the perfect actor of an assumed character. If the mind once admit the delusion that he is what he appears to be, he may do nothing to undeceive it. Only assume, therefore, that the preacher and people we are about to see have souls, and you will perhaps discover nothing in them unsuited to their circumstances.”

The preacher opened the service by devoutly reading the noble Liturgy, to which Gustavus had before listened with so much satisfaction. It had several properties remarkably calculated to attract the young—its eloquence, its benevolence, and its cheerfulness. It was precisely the language of children reverently and affectionately addressing

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father. Gustavus heard it with deep attention ; but was almost breathless with impatience when the preacher, who had so strongly interested him in merely offering up the words of others, ascended the pulpit to speak to the people in his own. His countenance was very striking. Time had, as it were, gently laid his hand upon him ; so that the wrinkles on his brow appeared to be simply those of age ;—of age, that is, almost unmixed with those of sorrow or care. They were like the furrows of the winter field—the meek and honourable ornaments of a head silvered with the frost of seventy years. His eye might be said to bear a sort of testimony to the truth of the revelation on which it rested, indicating, by its still vivid glance, how independent the soul is of the body.—There was something in the general scene which reminded Gustavus of the scriptural picture of the dying patriarch blessing his children.

The words from which he preached were these : “ Finally, my brethren, farewell ; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind ; live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.”—And it soon appeared that this veteran soldier of the cross, feeling the infirmities of age, had determined to retire from the public post he occupied,

and that he was now addressing his people for last time. Such circumstances were evidently very favourable to the developement of his sentiments and feelings. I do not attempt, however, to give more than a very brief sketch of either in history.

He began by telling them that the words which he had read contained a wish for the welfare of people to whom they were addressed—some addressed to assist them in securing this welfare—another promise to those who should follow that advice. After which he thus proceeded :

“ The ‘ wish for their welfare ’ is expressed in that single word ‘ *farewell* ; may you prosper, may the blessing of God rest upon you ! ’ And now I say, my friends, how exactly that word expresses my present feelings ? The husbandman desires that the grain he has sown should spring up and ripen ; the builder, that the house should rise upon which he has laid the foundation ; the father, that the child of his bosom should grow up to manhood. You, then, are the seed which I have sown—you are the temple which these feeble hands have been endeavouring to rear—you are the children of my aged bosom. Therefore, I say, ‘ *farewell* ; may you prosper ; may every cloud of heaven break



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blessings over your head ; may the hand of mercy never be closed ; may the star which God has so long lighted up in your path, neither go down, nor hide its holy beam, till it has led you to the feet of your Saviour—there to bend the knee and offer the tribute of a thankful heart.”

Gustavus observed, that even this simple wish found its way to the hearts of the old man’s hearers ; and that they answered him by their tears.—He thus went on :

“The Apostle, however, loved the people to whom he wrote too well to be satisfied with bequeathing them merely a general wish for their welfare. He proceeds, in the next place, to tell them what was necessary to secure it. And to this end, he first bids them strive to ‘ *be perfect* ;’ that is to complete or ‘perfect’ the work of religion which they had, by the aid of God begun. And thus would I say to you. The father could not be satisfied to see his child stand rooted in the feebleness and sickness of perpetual infancy. And it would, indeed, bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, if I could believe that these my children were likely thus to disappoint my hopes, and prayers, and labours. No, my friends ; ‘ *be perfect* ;’ you have, as I trust, laid the foundation of your

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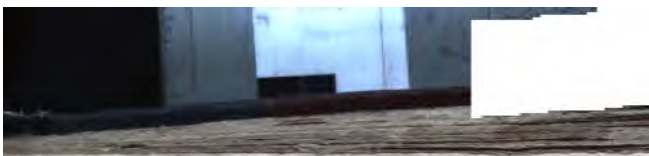
hopes in the great principles of religion—in a deep conviction of your own guilt—of the necessity of a Redeemer to atone for that guilt—and of the Spirit of God to raise our nature from its ruined state: you regard the world as the valley seen in the vision of the Prophet—scattered and defiled with bones, the emblems of devastation and death: and day and night you call upon God to breathe over this scene of ruin, and bid ‘these dead bones live.’ Go on, then, I would beseech you, to erect upon the basis of sound principles, the superstructure of a heavenly temper and practice: ‘perfect’ what is thus begun: fill up the outline of the christian character. Add to religion, morality—to the love of Christ, the love of man—to all that honours God, all that sweetens life, that lights the aching eye, and cheers the broken heart. You will find many who are ignorant or wretched, lying prostrate in your path; O take care that you ‘pass not by on the other side.’ Nor excuse your negligence of some duties by your regard to others. There is a crown which all the servants of Christ shall, at the last day, cast at the foot of his throne: endeavour that in yours no single gem shall be wanting, that all shall be there which adorned the brow of Christ himself.

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St. Paul next bids them '*be of good comfort.*' There are persons who I know, will tell you that religion is but another name for melancholy. The apostle however, describes it as a source of '*comfort.*' And the address which was the usual herald of our Lord's approach, was, '*Peace be with you.*' And O, my friends, take it, if not upon higher authority, yet upon the authority of one whom you have so kindly trusted for fifty years—of one who, at least, never meant to deceive you, of one who, standing on the verge of heaven or hell, is not likely either to deceive or be deceived, that a life of religion is a life of peace and joy. If I have not been quite happy, it is because I have been far from good. But even I,—thank God, who has rescued me from one of the vices of the profligate and the world—have felt how happy those must be whose own conscience does not dash away the cup which the mercy of God presents them. Even I, at the base of that mountain, have caught a ray of that beam of light which sheds perpetual sunshine on its top. Is not a good man melancholy! What, can *he* be melancholy whose happiness is bound up with that of the world himself; who, when he lays his head on his pillow, feels that if he dies in his bed he shall rise

to glory; who 'knows that his Redeemer *lives* and that he shall 'lead him by living foun *tains* 'water, and wipe away all tears from his eye. Can he be melancholy, who, when the 'sun shall 'be red as blood, the stars fall from heaven, and 'the stoutest hearts fail for fear,' has the command of God to lift up his head with joy, because his redemption draweth nigh—who sees by the eye of faith, in the air, in the seas, amidst the tumult of war or the fires of persecution, the sign of the Son of man—the cross of Christ—the throne of his Master's triumphs and his own—who hears, as he bears on his neck the iron yoke of self-denial and humility, a voice which says, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise?'

"After this the Apostle proceeds to point out the chief source of the 'comfort' of which he has spoken—'*be of one mind.*' And I feel it right to say, that no virtue is more neglected, no pearl more trodden under foot, than the spirit here recommended. It seems too generally to be taken for granted, that men *must* of necessity widely differ.—But why? Has truth a multitude of faces amongst which every man is at liberty to choose which he will? Have we not the same God—the same Gospel—the same nature—the same Spirit



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to teach, and the same Saviour to die for us?—Can the ‘God’ who ‘is love’ delight in discord? Is not the general feature of nature harmony? and shall man, the lord of nature, be destitute of it? Shall all the harps of heaven be, as it were, moved by one breath, touched by one hand, and employed in one song—and shall no echo of the heavenly chorus be heard below?—‘*Be of one mind,*’ my friends. Desire union, even though you cannot obtain it. Supply your link to the golden chain, though others refuse theirs.—I know that union cannot be forced—that you cannot compel each man to bring his stone to erect the temple of concord and charity. But endeavour to lay the basis in humility and prayer—in *humility*, which may correct your own judgment; and in *prayer*, which may secure the direction of God;—and, without the sound of the hammer or saw, the edifice shall arise never to fall, because on its walls are inscribed that ‘charity’ that ‘never faileth.’—One mind shall animate all its worshippers; and that, like the mind of God himself, be one vast impulse to do good.

“The last advice of the Apostle is, to ‘*live in peace.*’ There may be those from whom, notwithstanding every effort, you must differ, because

they had souls, which the madman of O. only supposes."

"What, therefore, is madness in them, would be religion in me, who have a soul?"

"Assuredly."

CHAP. VIII.

"You will allow," said M., edging away from some conversation which had employed them after breakfast, "that we form most of our opinions of others from what we know of ourselves."

"I believe so."

"You will admit, for instance, that scarcely any argument would convince an African, who had done nothing but pant and scorch among his ebony compatriots under the suns of the line, that there was a man as fair as you are."

"That is true."

"To carry this farther—If a person were to meet you, and to say, 'Be assured, Sir, your pulse is at a hundred and twenty—your skin is parched—your tongue bleached—your drought is insatiable—and not only yours, but such is the

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‘state of many—such is that of the nation—be ‘blooded all, or you perish’—what should you conclude?’”

“That he had a fever himself, and therefore gave me credit for being in the same condition.”

“If then I could show you some of the men of O. affirming publicly that other, men have no souls who assuredly have—arguing about them, and treating them as though they had none, what would be your conclusion?”

“That what our Spaniard imputes to the Americans was true of these men of O.”

It was about two when M., in consequence of this conversation, carried his young companion to the house where the representative senate of O. is assembled.

“A senate of this kind,” said M. as they walked, “is an assemblage of a few men who are supposed to represent the interests of the community.”

“Apparently then,” said Gustavus, “like the x and y of Algebra, not always great in themselves, but sometimes respectable from their unknown signification.”

“These of course,” continued M. “among a people endowed with souls, will be carefully

selected. In O. man is but a body ; and therefore as Frederick, falsely called the Great, said of war—‘ *La guerre est dans les ventres des soldats*’ —Members sometimes grope their way to the hearts through the appetites of their constituents —Merit, accordingly, often means strong beer in the nomenclature of O.”

It was some time before our travellers could contrive (for the crowd) to squeeze each an ear within a door, which displayed to their strained eyes the senate of O. “Considering they are nothing but bodies themselves,” said G. “they might have a little more respect for ours.”

“You will find,” answered M. “hereafter, that they have none for their own.”

The debate had begun, and a speaker was at that moment upon his legs. M. had purposely concealed the subject of discussion from Gustavus, as he was unwilling that any part of the impression it was calculated to communicate should be wasted. G.’s first employment, therefore, was to discover the object of the speaker. Amongst the earliest words which caught his ears were these: “What grounds of complaint are there, when twenty inches are allowed for the stowage of each?”—“This must mean bales of goods,”

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aid G. The crowd was so great, and indignation or applause rendered the assembly so clamorous, that an interval elapsed before another sentence reached him.

At length said the orator, "They are driven to fair market, and sell according to the condition which they are."—"They must be live stock," thought our hero. Again he listened: "The colour of skin, the flatness of the forehead, the smallness of the under jaw, their malignity and their dulness, create considerable doubts as to the species in which they should be classed."

"They are *monsters*," said G.

There was another moment in which nothing found its way to our auditors. Truth, however, as lungs of iron, and the concluding sentence of the harangue echoed along the remotest walls.

The days of chivalry—let us be thankful—are gone, and those of sound wisdom have succeeded. Expediency has asserted her rights, and taught us, that what is profitable alone is right. Let not men a canting philanthropy go Quixoting for adventures upon the fields of Humanity. If you tell us that cruelties are exercised upon the parents, we give this sufficient answer—*buying is cheaper than breeding.*"

"It is no monster," thought G. "of *our* hemisphere, for men would not dare to justify such treatment of them by such reasoning. 'Tell me,'" said he, breathless with impatience, "is this man (from his technical language) a butcher, or a representative of butchers?"

"They are excluded," answered M. "from the juries of O.—Would they, think you, be admitted into her senate?"

"Who is he then?"

"A friend or a representative, of *slave-dealers*."

"Of what monster does he speak?"

"Of men—of men who by birth are Africans, and whom frequently the most complicated villainy makes slaves."

"Let me escape," said G.; "I am your convert."

"But stay," said M.; "this trafficker in blood will surely find an opponent." One was found upon an opposite seat. His eye testified that he had taken within him the sacred resolution of not abandoning the cause till the arm should wither which had so often attested its truth. It said, and it had borrowed the expressions at the lips of Him whose vicegerent in this cause he is, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

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"I ever meet you," he said, "upon occasions such as these with the most touching sorrow; for I blush that these walls should echo to such a contest as this. But my indignation gets the better of my grief. If I were to be silent, the stones would cry out.

"This night's discussion calls me and my friends to a combat, where, I cannot but think, we have been continually victors. We wished originally to have contended with you upon the vantage-ground of *religion*, which forbids man to enslave the creatures whom God has made free. You taught us that religion was to be interpreted by the maxims of worldly policy.—We next took the field of *justice*, and dared you to show by what rights you punished those who had never offended. You convinced us, that the justice of a trading community is too often as remote from benevolence as it is from dishonesty—that it is measured by convenience, and guarded by the hangman. We might have touched the string of *humanity*, and have called up the spirits of a million mangled wretches to swell the tone of our complaint;—but we felt that those feelings which resisted the plain statement of our facts, would not bleed if men should have arisen from the dead

to attest their sufferings. We have at length hunted you to the entangled and dishonourable ground of *policy*, and have heard how men could reason, who made this principle the corner-stone of their system, that virtue is not always virtue—that *what is morally wrong can be politically right*.

“If we are intended to be taught by this doctrine, that, in states, *dishonesty is the best policy*, we would answer, that such a sentiment is founded only upon a narrow and beggarly view of the consequences of human actions. It is an universal law, that ‘*like begets like*,’ and consequently, evil must produce evil. If therefore, dishonesty may be profitable for a moment, still it must, on the whole, be pernicious. The life of individuals is indeed so short, that it is sometimes left to eternity to correct the errors of time, and men are there punished for crimes perpetrated here. But the life of *states* is long enough for crimes to produce their full fruits, and the political sins of one century are therefore generally visited upon the people of succeeding centuries. Besides, I would have such reasoners consider, that though dishonesty may seem to strengthen the hands of a nation, by putting for the moment a new weapon into them, yet other nations will soon feel them-



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es privileged to use the same weapon ; and we
l get nothing but villainy when our competi-
are equally villains. And still further—though
d principle, applied by legislators to a parti-
r end, may seem to profit us, yet it is im-
ible to calculate the evil consequences which
eventually spring from the national recogni-
of such a principle. Apply this to slavery.
y who have acquired a kind of familiarity with
ery are dangerous to freemen. In whatever
ee they influence the legislative policy of their
try, in that degree their influence is mischie-
; and since the effects of crimes can never
efinitely foreseen, we know not but that those
have touched the awful bulwarks of Liberty,
at length assault her inmost citadel. But
ose who maintain ‘that what is morally
ong may be politically right,’ mean to teach us,
*a nation is under no necessity of employing
same moral law as individuals*, I would then
of them—What number constitutes a nation ;
her the interposition of a mountain or a stream
change the eternal rule of truth ; whether na-
are not made up of men, and therefore their
s are not the duties of the individuals who
pose them ? It is found in statics that systems

tions. Whilst we insist that the *abolition* of the traffic should be complete and immediate, we ask only for the gradual and measured *emancipation* of those who are already slaves. There is an infinite difference between choking your prisons with no more captives, and rashly liberating all who had been confined there. Your prior conduct, indeed, best instructs us why we must not be as generous as we could be. It is one consequence of vice to make virtue difficult; and our cruelties have so degraded these poor creatures, that they would probably lift the hands we freed, against themselves and us. Instant emancipation would resemble the barbarous mercy of dragging those to the light whose organs of sight were previously weakened by the damps of a dungeon. You must now, therefore, deal out in successive drops the blessings of freedom, when you might have opened the floodgates of mercy upon half the world. But whilst we plead only for gradual emancipation, and ask you but by degrees to file away the chains from their bodies, we call upon you, without a moment's delay, to force away these which shackle their minds. It is knowledge and religion, which, when generally diffused, constitute that pre-existent soul of liberty that will

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der practically free any form of government it y animate. These temper liberty, where it is, create it where it is not.

Such are the facts and opinions we have sta-

What is their effect? You have not confu- our arguments—you could not controvert our s, but, with a stubborn hostility, you have rered up and launched again the darts which shield of humanity had repelled.—Once more n we call upon you to desist from what I cannot

name this legalized butchery. We once e beseech you to gladden the eye of Heaven, displaying to it in this island, one spot at least its creation, where this detestable traffic is hout a patron.—This is the last appeal we may allowed to make, or you to regard. The cause this miserable people has been; long enough, ter of cold speculation, or cruel contempt; n now clouds have gathered, in the western isphere, which threaten to burst over us in wers of blood. Every day seems big with the t awful prophecies, that, if men any longer use to liberate Africa, God at length will make free.”

There was that in Gustavus which vibrated to ry word that he uttered. “Such a man,” said

he, "almost redeems his countrymen from censure.—Who is he?" asked he.

"An *Enthusiast*," answered M.; "one of the madmen—a man, as they of O. define it, who may indeed, love God, but certainly hates his fellow-creature."

"O! for an atmosphere," said G. "which would make such madness 'epidemic!'"

"Such an atmosphere," answered M. "is the very breath of Heaven."

"The people of O. then possibly, could not live in it?"

"Not as they *do live*," said M.

CHAP. IX.

"THE verses," said G. "which you repeated to me on your journey, were not your own?"

"I told you," answered M. "that you would never know their author. Love, however, dispels the mind to versify; and the last made me a poet for the first, and, with one exception, the only time in my life."

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He was silent, for there was an expression in countenance of M. which showed him that he was endeavouring to cast his cares upon the same tomb where his child was laid.

There, take the verses, my Gustavus," continued M. "This you may believe, that I have adorned my child with qualities which did not belong to him:—there was in him a seed of piety which promised every thing. One day I saw him a noxious plant—his root spread around him, the dew lay upon his branches—I passed by, his place knew him no more. Take the verses; and if they show you that I am no poet, they will, at least, convince you, that He who took my child, had mercifully taught me how to lose him.

As—thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;
Thine infant spirit soars on angel wing:
Thy dark affection might have hop'd thy stay,
The voice of God has call'd his child away;—
Like Samuel early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of holy ground,
More than Samuel bless'd, to thee 'tis given
The God he serv'd on earth, to serve in heaven."

Gustavus had read these lines, and was musing on them, whilst M. sat plunged in thought. At

length said M. "I know no fitter opportunity than this of making you acquainted with those circumstances of my life which drove me to St. Foy. It has long been my wish; and accident, in the conversation we have had, has furnished a kind of preface which makes my task sit lighter on me.—I must not, however, dwell upon the minuter parts of my story;—not that my memory would fail me, for every moment as it went has stamped some image of itself upon my heart. But I willingly forget them, or I should relate things which would wound us both, without improving either.—I tell you this story, among other reasons for this, that I am willing to justify to you my retreat from the active duties of life to the rocks of Switzerland."

"It was a retreat," answered Gustavus, "to which I owe so much, that I am not very likely to condemn it."

CHAP. X.

I SHALL not dwell," said M. "on the early stages of my life. My situation gave me rank, and most of those things which men principally covet. My mother was a second time married to a person of distinction. They were both, perhaps, of inferior talents; and both, but he particularly, paid a more devoted homage to wealth than might be expected from those who have long been familiar with it. I had one sister, many years younger than myself: she inherited from her mother great personal endowments, but her mind was cast in a finer mould than that of her parent. That quickness, which is in some degree the property of her sex, was eminently hers. With an almost painful rapidity her winged thoughts roved from topic to topic.—I may say also, that she was frank, constant, and affectionate. Qualities such as these, she had in common with others; but, alas! she had a *sensibility* which was all her own: it was diseased—and it was her ruin. Had this sensibility been put under the controul of religion, I should have been more fearful of its effect upon her happiness. But when I saw acuteness of feeling cherished in her

to colour his conversation, won the affections of Emily. In her present situation, however, he could enjoy no more of his triumph than to harrass the heart which he had gained. Some months brought an admirer of another character to her feet, and whom her parents, distrusting the intentions of the first, solicited her to marry. For half a year she resisted ; she wept, she prayed. It was in vain. Every domestic manœuvre was played off to make a vicious sensibility take the part of parental authority, and she at length yielded a breaking heart to her mother's desires. This mother led her to the altar, like the Grecian princess,* a sacrifice to a parent's follies. The head, in minds such as hers, is ever the dupe of the heart, or Emily would have known, that though such authority may deny, it cannot oblige ;—though it could prevent her from marrying where they thought, it would not make her happy, it could not force her to marry where she had reason to believe it would render her miserable. For a short time, the steady efforts of a husband to give her pleasure, the gaieties into which he plunged her—and the witcheries of novelty, had their effect ; and

**Iphigenia.*

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she was about half as happy as she might have been in the society of a man she loved. Another month, and every eye saw the star of her happiness begin to set. She was a sickly plant—the airs of heaven were too rough for her, and the suns of heaven too faint—she wanted a heated and artificial soil; and had not found it. Her husband was sensible, but he was somewhat dull; he was in love, but not with her follies; he was without vice, but then he was also without romance. He had heard from her before their marriage the candid history of her own feelings, and had told her that ‘a part of her heart was better than the whole of another’s; and that a never-failing love would win from her the little she withheld.’ Such affection it is true, in a well disciplined mind will sometimes accomplish its object; but he who had never studied in the school of sensibility could have no conception of the mighty and mysterious working of a heart like hers. The resources of dissipation are poor, and he soon saw her eye sicken at the painted bubbles with which he had supplied it. He was without religion, and therefore could not warm her heart with that flame which expels every unhallowed fire. In her virtue, however, he placed an unlimited confidence, and, with a rash generosity, he

fence, and Heaven in mercy took it from her.—

was at this moment T—— also forsook her; he had plucked the fruit, and then tossed this rifled and withering branch to the burning which awaited

My wife and child had long been dead, and therefore Emily, as to human things, was all in all to me. She was that little bark which I meant to pilot through the perilous seas of life. I had felt therefore, during my residence abroad, a sort of sickness of the heart till I could see this darling sis-

ter. Picture to yourself, then, the moment when I landed, unacquainted with the events of more than two years. At every point I met a dagger; every hint or question was answered by a criminal fact. I hastened to a cottage which she occupied, and saw her rush almost a spectre, into my arms. *Could* I thrust her from me? Shocked and contrite, she fell from my neck to my feet.—

As her fine hair curled about my legs, I remembered a *sacred* picture which resembled this, and which seemed to mingle a ray of hope with my despair. It softened also the severity of my anxiety. You must conceive what followed.

In subsequent conversations, I soon discovered the value of those principles with which, in her earliest years, I had endeavoured to make her ac-

acquainted. They are often like stars, whose light
 seem quenched for a time, but which, some revolution
 in the wheel of nature restores. At first I did
 attempt to check her sorrow, but rather opened
 fresh avenues for it. I remember saying to her
 ‘It is indeed, dreadful, Emily, that you should
 ‘have dishonored your family—blasted your reputation—
 ‘burst one of the most sacred bonds
 ‘which society is held together; that you should
 ‘have given your example to the cause of vice
 ‘but this is a small part of the evil—you are at
 ‘enmity with God,—you have pierced the side of Jesus
 ‘who died for you.’ She would answer me by
 ‘outbursts of those tumultuous sobs, which are the expressive
 ‘language of a broken heart.—‘Penitence,’ I added,
 ‘requires more than a tear or a sigh. You must
 ‘grieve indeed, and with a grief measured by
 ‘the purity of that God whom you have offended:
 ‘this is not all. You must pray, Emily, and pray
 ‘in that language so congenial to a troubled soul
 ‘“Spare me, good Lord; spare me, whom thou hast
 ‘redeemed with thy most precious blood, and
 ‘be not angry with me for ever!” And finally, you
 ‘must strive to live in the spirit of your prayers
 ‘lest you “resolve, and re-resolve, and die the
 ‘same.” Such penitence, and such alone, is



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table to God.' After these conversations I see sometimes despair extinguish every other eling; and sometimes the beams of hope dry the tears of despondency.—

I must not dwell, Gustavus, upon our subsequent meetings, but hurry on to the period which severed her from the world forever. I may tell you, however, that the Most High so touched her heart by the agency of his Spirit, that I cannot doubt her sins are registered in heaven. For nine months he touched her through the stages of an unremitting sentence. She was humbled to the dust she trod; the asking eye continually informed me where her heart was prostrate; the subject of her hourly meditation was, that she could not make any atonement for the wrongs she had done. 'Do you know how to repair them, my brother,' she said, 'by directing me up as a beacon to others.'—'God,' I answered, 'will, I hope, repair them by making your warning effectual.'

During the many months I spent with her I saw her health visibly decline. I took her to sea, hoping that some breeze of the Atlantic might bring healing in its wings. But if the body languished, the soul appeared daily to be shaking off

its incumbrances. The smile of religion seemed now to banish its tears. At this period I cannot describe to you the moments of solemn joy and of soft melancholy we passed together ; when with minds tuned to each other, we used to contemplate those scenes of nature which call up our better feelings. There was something in her sight which sanctified the scenes over which it wandered. Hurrying over present things, she ever borrowed some touches from futurity to give them a celestial colouring. Some of these moments were deeply affecting. It was once, on a summer's evening, when she hung upon my arm, and opened her languid forehead to the fresh breeze, that she watched the sun sinking upon the breast of the waters. I shall never forget the tumultuous emotion with which she pointed to the *setting orb*, and fastened her full eyes upon me. I was too intimate with her mind not to feel her melancholy meaning.

“Wearied with motion, she expressed a desire to be carried into Switzerland. We did not reach St. Foy. In less than a month I was called to her dying bed. Her disorder had little impaired her beauty ; for consumption had shed its hectic ray upon her cheek, and her eyes had that kind of artificial brightness which often precedes death. I

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could have almost thought her frame that incorruptible body which is to be the soul's last covering. The alarms which had hitherto haunted her, seemed now to have left her for a more celestial inhabitant. She spoke with a holy confidence of her forgiveness—'He has borne our sorrows'—by his stripes 'we are healed.'—'If grief,' she added, 'has any part in moments such as these, it is because I must leave you—but I seem to feel that it is not forever.'—This thought had called the last tear to her eye—we wept and we prayed together. One hand rested upon the book of God—it was opened at the page where the history of another penitent is found. 'Is it not written,' she attempted to say, 'Neither do I condemn thee?' Her lips closed upon the words. *It is, sweet spirit—and thou art 'gone to sin no more.'*

"This is not all. A scene of horror was still to be transacted upon this darkened stage.—I crossed the seas with all that now remained to me of this once cherished sister, and I then accompanied the body to the burying-place of her fathers. It was on my journey thither, that a servant galloped up to the procession, and asked to whom it belonged. He rode with us till we met a carriage. I saw upon it a ducal coronet, and stopped

instinctively. ‘*Who is it?*’ said some one that had shrunk with a kind of superstitious dread within. The servant told him.—At once a hand darted through the window, and the man received a violent blow upon his breast.—‘*Villain you lie ; ask again.*’ The man said, ‘I have asked : it is *Lady Emily.*’—No answer succeeded, but in its place, that wild and ferocious laugh by which madness tells it has not a tear to shed. He became frantic. It was T.—Heaven had crazed the brain which had conceived this mischief, and he stood, like some oak which the lightning scathes, the gloomy monument of its hallowed indignation. His furies have never quitted him, but for moments, in which he might again learn his guilt, and again bleed for it.

“I have little more to add. My constitution was shattered by my eastern campaigns, and the scenes which succeeded rendered me unfit for society. I have often told you, my Gustavus, of the manner in which your dying father, a soldier and a Christian, gave you into my hands. It is in a bloodless field he reaps his laurels. The heart has a mournful satisfaction in familiarizing itself with its own sorrows, and in Switzerland I knew they would meet me at every step. I therefore

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ried you thither, and excused my absence from world which I could not serve, by my devotion you whom I could. You must teach them that they have not been wronged by my desertion."

There was no reply.

M. said as he rose to quit the room, "I told you was more than once a poet. These verses are her tomb :

‘ Weep not for us, thou sainted child of light :
No shade of woe shall dim thy bright abode :
Our raptur’d eye hath trac’d thine upward flight ;
Faith pierc’d the veil, and pointed to thy God,

‘ Nor vain the vision—if unhallow’d joys,
By vice illum’d, the truant heart inflame,
Thy name, Emilia, shall the small still voice
Of conscience whisper, and a soul reclaim.

‘ God of Elijah, to thy servants give,
As erst, the robe which joy’d the prophet’s eye :
O! from *her sorrows* let us learn to live,
O! from *her triumphs* let us learn to die.”

CHAP. XI.

SOME days elapsed before they renewed their inquiry. It was one morning that M. lifted his eyes from those daily prints in which constitutions and fortunes are pressed upon the people of O. and in which any little character they may chance to have is taken away, with this remark—"These people are very *ingenious*.—Ingenuity, in great part, consists in fitting means to ends. Now, a main object with them is the extirpation of that species of madness, which, as you said, amongst a people *with* souls, would gain the name of religion. And their ingenuity is shown in the means employed by them to accomplish this end."

"What are these means?" asked Gustavus.

"They are innumerable; but they have one school, or rather hospital, appropriated to it."

"Show me something of its nature."

"The first great object of the conductors is to secure the delusion of those who enter it; and, as names are always found to govern weak minds, they sometimes entitle it, 'The School of Virtue.'"



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"They mean, I suppose, the virtue of O."

"Which, to be sure," said M. "is little better than another name for vice. But this," he continued, "is not the only advantage they take of the infirmities of those with whom they have to deal. It is known, for instance, that this people always think themselves safe if they are doing what others do.—The hospital therefore is so constructed as to admit a number of patients at the same moment.—Again you are to remember, that this is a kind of moral cure to be practised upon a half-reasoning animal. In such a creature, the influence of the *senses* is without limit. It is to these, therefore, the managers chiefly address themselves. The ear is supplied with impure songs, and the eye with licentious pictures."

"May not this," said Gustavus, "have another advantage? As the bite of the tarantula is cured by music, so the bite of this madness, or religion, may have its remedy, in a strong infusion of the fine arts, thus adulterated, taken the last thing going to bed."

"I ought to tell you," said M. "that, relying on that influence of names which I have mentioned, they call their different movements and ope-

rations in the eyes of the patients, '*holding the mirror up to nature.*' And, indeed, this is in some degree true. But then they take special care to select some of nature's *worst* specimens for this exhibition. They rake society to the very dregs to produce objects for the entertainment of eyes perhaps hitherto unsullied by scenes of vulgarity and vice;—they show nature naked, in short, to many who would otherwise have seen her only clad in the decent dresses of civilized society. I need not tell you, that a familiarity with vicious scenes and characters is seldom profitable. Man does not want to be taught how bad he may be. He who generally finds himself above par, will soon think himself privileged to grow worse;—and he who continually looks into *the mirror* reflecting nothing but bad faces, is not unlikely to deem himself handsome enough whilst he has a single feature better than the rest.

"Every fact," said Gustavus, "in the account of this people makes the hypothesis of their *having no souls* more probable, by always proving them to have some quality in common with animals which certainly have no soul. It is said of the chameleon, I believe, that it takes the colours of whatever object it looks on: and, like it, these

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people seem, by your account, no sooner to look on vice than they become vicious."

"The next point at which they aim," continued M. "is to prepare the patient for the reception of their own drugs, by the removal of some impediments which his nature or his habits may have introduced. Such are, his *prejudices about the character of God*; his *respect for virtue*, and his *hatred for vice*, as such: in males, the *spirit of charity*; in females, *love of modesty*. We must separately examine the wards in which these several operations are carried on."

"Can there, then," said Gustavus, "be more than one conception of the *character of God*?"

"Without doubt," answered M. "if every one consults his fancy instead of his Bible: The Greeks had sixty thousand gods, most of whom had qualities for which a man would, in modern days, have been hanged.—One ward then is employed to physic down those notions about God, which their ancestors and their Bibles had bequeathed to the people of O.—Now mark the process.—A company of intellectual physicians is engaged, who make use of all the artifices of dress, gesture, action, and elocution, to instil the necessary doctrines."

"Is it ever found," asked G. "that these lecturers become converts to the doctrines they deliver?"

"It is," replied M. "Their lives too commonly attest the sincerity of their conversion. Biographers record the virtues of any one of them, as they would the health of a man who, alone of hundreds, should have escaped the devastation of a plague. I am unacquainted with the history of an individual among them which proves him to be a *devout* man. And, as to the mass, they are said to be among the most dissolute characters in O."

"Fit teachers, to be sure," said Gustavus, "for a School of 'Virtue.'—It is, however, plain, that, if the lecturers *had souls*, they would have too much regard for them to engage in such a profession; or, if the *people had souls*, they would have too much humanity to encourage them."

"But let us return," said M.: "these lecturers violate the dignity of the Most High, by *taking his name in vain*, and by *scoffing at his laws*. Nor is this enough—they not only thus tear God from his throne, but they place an idol in it. *Love* is made the divinity of the place. One of them, for instance, thus addresses a procuress: 'Thou

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* angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee.*
They demand the homage for this idol which should be rendered to Heaven. 'Men,' said one of these priests of Venus, 'are generally hypocrites or infidels; they pretend to worship, but have neither faith nor zeal: how few, like *Valentine*, would persevere unto martyrdom!†
Woman, indeed, according to this theology, is the real heaven of man. We find a worshipper of this altar, in a fit of devotion, thus addressing a female:

'There's in you all that we believe of Heaven—
'Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
'Eternal joy, and everlasting love.‡

It has joys also so exquisite at its command, that the happiness of Heaven, in some concentrated or condensed shape, alone can equal them. It was of a single kiss, for example, one Bellamour pronounced, '*Eternity was in that moment.*'§ 'My soul,' says a very high authority among them, 'despairs to be forgiven, unpardoned, love, by thee.'||

* *The Relapse.* † *Love for Love.* ‡ *Venice Preserved.* § *Old Batchelor.* || *The Stranger.*

"These physicians get their diplomas, I suppose," said Gustavus, "from Paphos."

"Let us go on," said M. "to another ward. In this it is intended to relieve the patient from any troublesome relic of the love of virtue, or hatred of vice, which may have survived the fall. In a *world without souls* ridicule is a natural test of truth. The first attempt, therefore, of the orators in this department is to make *virtue ridiculous*. For this purpose, they conjure up a parson who is a glutton, or a pedant, or a miser. The great object in these fictitious characters is to wed hypocrisy, meanness, and folly to religion. The eye of the patient, once familiarized with these shadows, ever afterwards identifies, or at least associates the qualities thus forcibly connected with each other."

"Habit," said G. "had in like manner led me always to associate a human shape and soul, till you taught me better."

"To lessen the hatred of vice," continued M. "an operation of the same ward, they adopt two methods. They make the most amiable qualities its inseparable *allies*; and they make it *successful* whenever it takes the field. If, for instance

the personage is debauched, they give him generosity; if a spendthrift, good humour; if a liar, good temper; if vindictive, successful courage. The spectators naturally both learn to value the bad *qualities* for the sake of the good ones associated with them; and to deem *success* an unequivocal proof of *merit*."

"On this ground," said Gustavus, "men ought to embrace a carcass for the sake of the spices with which it is embalmed; and should acknowledge the religion of Mahomet to be the true religion, because it has more disciples than that of Christ. But you have yet to tell me how they attempt to destroy, in males, the spirit of charity, and in females, the love of modesty."

"They are the works of different divisions," answered M.; "but I can describe the process in a breath. A physician in buskins undertakes the first, and usually accomplishes it by exalting bold *revenge* into a virtue. As to *Modesty*, it commonly falls a victim to a singular property of the place. The cause of it is as entirely concealed as the cause of gravitation—but as soon as the female patients enter the building, however much they blush at home, they rarely or never seem to blush. Here

any thing may be said or done in their presence. The sun of decency seems from that moment to have set upon them, and to colour the cheek with its glowing hues no longer. The lecturer of course successfully avails himself of this circumstance."

"But such an attempt," said Gustavus, "must surely be of momentary operation?"

"On the contrary," answered M. "it has a permanent influence. The eye for ever after is apt to confound or mistake every object it sees. 'Licentiousness,' for instance, is mistaken for 'spirit,' and 'a reformed rake' is coveted as 'the best husband.'"

"As if," said G. "it did not require more spirit to do right than wrong; and as if he who is perhaps but half cured is likely to be stronger than he who never was ill."

"I should tell you," continued M. "another end which is accomplished in this edifice. The rulers of O. think, that of all aristocracies that of virtue is the worst, and therefore hasten to blot out those distinctions which used to separate the good from the bad. In the hospital accordingly all sorts of people are huddled together—the good and bad are equally welcome, and meet here to laugh and to cry in company."

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"The scene," said Gustavus, "must resemble the face of a chess-board, black and white, prostitution and innocence, drunkenness and philosophy, the swindler and the tradesman, mingled in monstrous confusion."

"You see," added M. "the advantages which result from this, to the object at which the governors aim. Vice soon begins to hold up her head, when she finds herself exalted to the same rank with Virtue; and Virtue learns to despise herself, when she is reduced to the same level with Vice. Fellow-citizens, therefore, of this unnatural republic, they soon shake hands."

"Is this institution," asked G. "new to the world?"

"It is the height of dexterity," answered M. "to employ those instruments for the cause of evil which have been sanctified by their employment in the cause of good. It was thus that the Prince of Cheats used Scripture on a memorable occasion. This institution originally in the hands of the Greeks, was made a vehicle of praise to the gods."

"Perhaps it is still," said Gustavus, "to the same gods."

"It was found, however, impossible," continued M. "to employ it in the service of virtue, and it

was therefore condemned by the first of Grecian law-givers.* Rome refused it a place within her walls, till the same man,§ in one moment, sheathed his sword in her liberty and in her virtue.—I have only one fact to add. During the progress of the most ferocious revolution which ever shocked the face of heaven, these hospitals in a single city of a neighbouring country multiplied from six to twenty-five. Now one of two conclusions follows from this : either the spirit of the times produced the institutions, or the institutions cherished the spirit of the times.”

“This would go to prove then,” said Gustavus, “that they are either the parents of vice, or the offspring of it.”

“Will you, Gustavus,” asked M. “visit this place? You are perhaps cased in your principles from all danger?”

“I may be so,” replied G. ; “but even if I might safely bare my bosom to the blast, should I, by my example, do my utmost to tempt a thousand hectic wretches to the same experiment?”

“You are right, Gustavus.”

“And so,” said Gustavus, “I begin to think, is

* *Solon.*

§ *Pompey.*



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nboddo.—But can you not conceive the stage, this is your hospital, I perceive, among a people with souls, so regulated as to minister to the needs of the soul?"

In theory I can; but every experiment conflicts the hope. I fear the stage has never improved the morals of a people. Either the temptation of gain has led the writers of plays to accommodate their sentiments to the worst feelings of our age; or the characters of the actors have been chosen as to defeat the operation of better sentiments. It is incredible that either the actors or their speeches should reform the age; when, with very rare exceptions, both fall below the standard of ordinary morality. When I say this, Gustavus, must not think that I am either an enemy to recreation, as such—or that I undervalue that which is afforded by fine acting. As to the first, I am persuaded that recreation is necessary to every man. And, as to theatrical representations, I can conceive scarcely any thing more calculated either to display the genius of man, or to stimulate his imagination. Such is the gratification they bestow, and such the benefit which, if consecrated to a right end, they might impart, that

I could heartily wish the wise and the pious would bend all their faculties to discover whether it is impossible to render that innocent and useful which is so delightful."

CHAP. XII.

IT is long, gentle reader, since I have addressed myself particularly to you ; and so occupied am I with Gustavus, that I should have even now gone on quietly with his story, if a peculiar suspicion had not occurred to me.

Since that Jewish law was done away, which forbad any man to intermarry with another family, the genealogical trees of society have become exceedingly confused.—It is possible, therefore, that some drop of the blood of O. may roll in your own veins—and if so, that you are anxious for an additional proof that you have no soul. I will endeavour to satisfy you upon this point. Such a proof indeed (though I should be sincerely sorry to know it was) may be of great moment to you ; for, without it, to live as you do live, and be either safe or happy, may be quite impossible.

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To satisfy, then, any qualms of conscience you may feel, I beg to ask why you should think human bodies must have souls? Epimenides, a Cretan, tells us he had a power of dismissing and recalling his soul; which shows, you will allow, that he had a power of doing, at least for a time, without it. Is the veracity of Epimenides questioned? I answer, He was a *Cretan*.

Again, St. Anthony says he saw his own soul ascend to heaven and descend to earth again, and this continually.—Will any one question St. Anthony's authority? I answer, *He is a Popish Saint*.

Once more, one J. Browne wrote a book upon a controverted topic, which he dedicated to a queen of O. entreating her "royal prayers for himself—a man *without* a rational soul."—If I am told that this man was mad, I reply, That is quite impossible, for *He wrote a book upon a controverted topic*.

Fourthly, a certain German, the idol of metaphysicians, has determined the soul to be made up of such qualities, that if there be no other soul but such as he describes, we may rest assured there are no such things as souls.—Some will remind us

that this very German* for the last two years of his life conceived himself a *goose*, and that therefore he may have been one long before that period.—I answer, simply. He was the idol of *many physicians*.

Again, another philosopher, a professor, and an inhabitant of Rostock, affirms that his soul and body have no sort of connexion with each other. He always speaks of his body like Cæsar of himself in the third person. When his body is tortured with hunger, our professor says only, “*HE* seems hungry, *I* must feed him.” When racked with disease, he only whispers, “*HE* seems distressed, must carry him to the doctor.” Now, if his authority be contested—I maintain it upon these three satisfactory grounds—He is a *philosopher*, a *professor*, and an *inhabitant of Rostock*,§

Before, however, you draw any conclusions from these facts, it is but just to mention a theory which

* *Kant is said for the last two years of his life to have believed himself a goose, and to have busied himself in pointing out his feathers to his visitors.*

§ *This man is also well known to the literati of Germany.*

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it has been supposed, would solve many of the phenomena of O. It has then been conjectured that this people really have souls; but souls united to the body by a very peculiar covenant. The following contract is conceived to have taken place between them.—

It is stipulated on the part of the body,

1st. That although the soul dwell in the body, it shall never interfere with it in any of its enjoyments; for instance, in eating, drinking, licentiousness, or indolence.—Agreed.

2dly. That the soul, as in the marriages of O. shall never show itself in public with the body.—

Agreed; if the body will at least once a year with its lips acknowledge the soul's existence in a church.

3d. That the soul shall never perplex the body in private.—Agreed.

4th. That the body shall be suffered to sleep if the soul should be called upon to listen to sermons.

Agreed; if the body will keep watch, should the soul also be disposed to sleep.—Amended, upon the suit of the body; if the soul may sleep full as often as the body.

5th. That the soul shall not attempt to warp the body to any fanatical practices, such as prostra-

tion, kneeling, wiping away rouge, giving away money.—Not absolutely agreed : because, by such external acts, much worldly reputation would accrue to both.

6th. That the soul shall not employ the eyes of the body in reading the Bible.—Agreed ; as the signing this contract indisposes the soul as much as the body to the Bible.

7th. That the soul shall take all the burden of religious duties upon itself.—Agreed ; if the body will eat the bread at the sacrament, and kiss the book, for a place under Government.

8th. That the soul shall never disfigure the face of the body with a blush.—Agreed ; when the soul shall be a little hackneyed in the ways of O.

On these conditions the body consents to receive the soul into garrison.

I collect this treaty from sources known only to myself. In O. though it is said to exist, from the abuse of words, it may wear a different aspect.—Do you, however, reject the contract as visionary and disgraceful ?—Have you no conception of a soul which could submit to such terms ? Now then re-examine the cases I have adduced. They are examples of men proclaiming in themselves, either the total want of a soul, or its temporary



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ence. But that others may be without a soul, a proof that you *may* be without one; and that other solution can be imagined of your conduct, is surely a sufficient proof that you actually

This point then being established, enjoy, I beseech you, every moment of your bright career.

puppets of an empty show—ye figures of an endless series—ye shadows of threescore years—moving dust and ashes—dead to virtue, and full of appetite, deem the breath of life an entering substance, and eternity a bubble. Proceed, *ambitious bodies*, to your glorious destination: to drink—sleep—and perish.

CHAP. XIII.

I venture to hope, that, by this time, my readers are not altogether uninterested in Emily. If they will not be sorry to read one of her letters: and a part at least of one of them they shall read, they will also read my preface to it.

The estimation in which females are held is a

L

~~Measure in our hands~~
 measure in our hands of the civilization of states—

The *polished* Greeks made Wisdom—a goddess.

M. had remarked this to Gustavus.

“ In O. you see,” he added, “ the thing is otherwise ; the males deem the females their inferiors, and consequently give them an inferior education. The prescience of the stronger animal informs him that woman cannot *learn*—he takes his resolution—they shall not be *taught*.”

“ Mahomet,” said G. “ has many disciples.”

“ Where there is no soul, as in O.” continued M. “ I have no anxiety to stand umpire between the sexes—but where there is a soul, it often lodges its finest qualities in the fairest bosom.—I know females in whom, if wisdom has lost any thing of her depth, she also wants all that harshness which occasionally disfigures her in the other sex—in whom, if the lines of science are softened, yet the figure is by no means erased—More than this—if there be a something of vanity in their constitution, and if their spirit of trifling or love of pleasure be sometimes such as not easily to incorporate with serious religion ; still there is in them a meekness which the hand of Heaven easily bows into humility, and a tenderness which forbids them

to repeat those crimes for which a Saviour has bled."

I have been often found a mourner at the grave of M.—and if the cause of some of the tears I have there shed be asked, I answer,—I lament the loss of his piety in an age when a single tomb will bury more ashes than piety can spare—of his quiet benevolence—of his generous, I might almost say, chivalrous respect for women.

I would not, however, to support the female sex, maintain, in the language of C. Agrippa, that when they wash their hands, they do not sully the purity of the water; whereas men may wash as often as they will, and the stream will yet suffer from the pollution of the flesh it bathes. Nor do I quote other equally high and unsuspected authorities who have sung of marvels quite as great as this.—But this I mean to say, that women owe much of their inferiority to the tyranny of men. Give them the opportunities of man, and they would perhaps, as to most points, equal his attainments. My business, however, is not to panegyryze females, but to give one of Emily's letters. It is written in all the confidence of those who have loved each other from childhood.

"We sadly want you back again, Gustavus;

for every thing seems to go wrong without you. I am sure that I do. You know, for instance, with what delight we used once to look at all the works of nature. But now things around me seem changed. I take the same walks we have loved together, but without the same feelings. The moon wanes, but she strengthens again;—the flower shrinks, but it opens again;—Gustavus goes, but he does not return.—Once, every wind seemed to carry its peculiar treasures along with it. Now, if it blows from St. Foy—I have caught myself saying—‘Gustavus *cannot* come’—if to St. Foy—‘Gustavus *will* not come.’

“I know this is wrong, Gustavus, and do not seriously wish to blame any one but myself. I believe that this summer has been as bright as the last, and the winds as fragrant, and the flowers as gay—but you know one likes to have just a single person to tell how very sweet every thing is. Mamma is so feeble, alas! that I can seldom get her out. Else she first taught me to love nature; and even now she seems to grow young again, for a moment, when she can climb the hill at sunrise and see the lake

‘One burnish’d sheet of living gold.’

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But do not think, Gustavus, that I am either idle, or really unhappy. The school increases, I go to it every day. I visit the cottages too often than ever, I think, particularly when I am alone—for I find that looking at and trying to relieve the real sufferings of the poor, is one of the best cures for our light distresses. La Roche,* dear minister, goes among them as much as I. Mamma said yesterday, as she saw him labouring up the high hill behind the house,—‘How beautiful *on the mountains* are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace!’ And indeed he does carry ‘peace,’ Gustavus, wherever he goes. I had the happiness to meet him about ten days ago at La Valette’s cottage, which you remember going over the little brook. I was standing and watching the water as it bubbled by beneath me. ‘Hello, dear Emily,’ he said as he came up, ‘these rising bubbles are an emblem of what is passing within the cottage. Poor La Valette has sparkled for a moment upon the stream of life, and is now

Every one who has read the exquisite tale of La Roche, in the ‘Mirror,’ will know why the author has been glad to borrow this name for the minister of St. Foy.

‘melting into the vast ocean of eternity.’ ‘But
 ‘not, Sir,’ I said, ‘to be lost or forgotten there.’
 ‘No,’ said he; ‘God counts the tears of his saints
 ‘and her penitence and love have, I doubt not,
 ‘come up as a memorial before him. Shall we go
 ‘in and see her; Emily?’

“I was of course rejoiced to go; and may I
 never forget the scene! She is much reduced in
 strength and wasted in health since you went;
 but her spirits are better than ever. If I wished
 to take any one to the happiest house in the vil-
 lage, I really believe I should carry him there.
 I think she said, ‘Thank God!’ twenty times
 during this one short visit. And yet there is
 nothing presumptuous in her manner—for you
 know her almost incessant prayer is, ‘God be mer-
 ciful to me a sinner!’ But then, while she distrusts
 herself, she seems to have an unbounded confi-
 dence in God.—La Roche took her by the hand—
 ‘You seem very happy, La Valette.’—‘Is he not
 ‘*our Father*?’ she answered. ‘I should be quite
 ‘happy, Sir; if it were not for remembering how
 ‘often I have crucified afresh that Saviour who
 ‘loved me so tenderly. One thing more some-
 ‘times distresses me. When the cords which
 ‘keep me here seem almost broken, and I am

‘longing to spread my wings, and flee away and
 ‘be at rest, I suddenly revive, and feel for a mo-
 ‘ment as if the happy hour of my dismissal was
 ‘not come. It is like having nearly reached the
 ‘port, and being driven out to sea again—to that
 ‘stormy sea, where, but for you, or rather, but for
 ‘that God who sent you to me, I had well nigh
 ‘foundered.’—‘*He,*’ said La Roche, ‘who has so
 ‘long carried you in his arms, has said, that his
 ‘sheep shall never perish, and that none shall
 ‘pluck them out of his hand.’—‘And I doubt not,’
 she said, ‘he will fulfil his promise.—Young lady,’
 she continued, after a little pause, and turning to
 me, ‘you are young, and cannot yet have proved
 ‘the power of that religion which I trust you love.
 “I have been young and now am old”—she al-
 most rose up in her bed as she spoke, and a new
 light darted into her eyes—“yet saw I never the
 ‘righteous forsaken.” I have proved religion in
 ‘the varied scenes of a very stormy life, and I have
 ‘found that her sun never goes down, and her an-
 ‘chor never gives way.’ As she said this she fell
 back, and I really thought her last struggle was
 over. You can fancy the countenance of La Roche
 during the whole of this scene. La Valette had
 thought nothing of religion, I have heard, till he

first knew her; so that she was a sort of child of his old age. The mixture of emotions seemed almost to overwhelm him. It was like the struggle of the sun and the shade for victory. At length he said, 'Let us together thank God, for having raised up this monument of his mercies; and pray that our lives and our latter end may be like hers.'—'Not your lives, Sir,' Valette meekly said. La Roche kneeled down, and I need not tell you how simply, ardently, and sublimely he prayed. You know his way of dwelling on those two words—'Our Father!' We soon after quitted the cottage; and the last words I remember to have heard her utter were, 'Thy rod and thy staff, *they* comfort me.'

"Here I must stop, Gustavus, only grieving that I cannot better describe what I so deeply felt. But you will kindly forgive, and supply all my deficiencies.

"I had almost forgot to ask if the smoke of the city you are in, suffers you to see our favourite star. It still comes first of the heavenly travellers—like the eye of night, looking out if it be time for the others to rise. How often has this star lifted my thoughts to its Maker, and scarcely ever

without a prayer for Gustavus ! If then you receive blessings, think them those which were prayed for by your Emily."

CHAP. XIV.

THE science of love is the philosophy of the heart. Emily lectured in the last chapter ; in the present I shall conduct the student to the groves of a severer learning. And here reader, I must caution you. If very wise or very foolish, come not, with me, to this porch of philosophy. For, if very wise, I have the vanity to believe, you already think as I do ; and, if very foolish, you will never think at all. If, however, you are among those who never saw a modern philosopher, and think the sight of one would not startle you ; if you have a plain mind and an honest heart ; if the nerves of your head are strong ; and you do not heed the gales, not absolutely Sabeian, which fan the temples and cloud the room of a philosophical student ;—come on—and, in the cause of human nature and common sense, we will take the field against all the philosophers in the universe.

It will be recollected that the divine of O. promised to introduce our wanderers to one of philosophers. I copy from the letter of Gustave the account which he sent to Mad. de N. of visit.

“It was only yesterday, my dear Madam, we paid our promised visit. Our clerical concubine ushered us into the room, and then abandoned us to some antiquated skin and bones which occupied a three-cornered chair in it. I soon perceived that philosophy, or at least the philosophy of O. does not always smooth the brow of carnality. M. managed the conversation with the art which is peculiar to him; and our shrivelled companion soon proved himself, if I may be permitted to say so, dull, mistaken, and dogmatical. St. Foy, dear Madam, has rescued us from all but—sterling philosophy—the philosophy of God: you shall for a moment become a student in the school of O.; your rocks and mountains shall labor to see what inhabitants they have escaped, and glory in the brown sons of labor who climb them. I send you that part of our conversation in which the theory was detailed, by which the animal v

dom of our philosopher proposes to secure the morals of his countrymen.*

“ ‘ I had very innocently made use of the word ‘ *Conscience*.’

“ ‘ You are but too young in these matters,’ said the Philosopher, ‘ or you would have known that ‘ conscience is a banished term : we no more think ‘ of it than Centaurs or Phlogiston. *Expediency* ‘ is now the only rule in morals.’

“ ‘ What, Sir,’ I asked, ‘ do you mean by expediency ?’

“ ‘ I will give you my system,’ said the Sage, ‘ to explain the word. The chief object of philosophy is to answer the question “ what is virtue ?” ‘ Now then take this fundamental proposition— ‘ That “ Heaven wills the *happiness* of its creatures.” ’

“ ‘ If you include eternity,’ said M. ‘ this cannot be questioned. Some would prefer to say that

* *The author cannot possibly, in any part of this chapter, be suspected either of any personal allusion, or of any disrespect, to the individual of great talents and virtues by whom this system has been chiefly promulgated in our schools and universities.*

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‘ God, *here*, wills the *improvement* of his creature
 ‘ —that he desires to make them *happy* in another
 ‘ state, by making them *good* in this. Let it how-
 ‘ ever, be admitted, that, even here, God wills
 ‘ simply the *happiness* of his creatures; and that
 ‘ therefore, plagues, for example, are plainly sent
 ‘ to release superannuated misery; whirlwinds,
 ‘ keep the sea from corruption; war, to give you
 ‘ officers promotion; famine, to rest the ear-
 ‘ earthquakes, to rock our cradles.’

“ ‘ Taking this for granted,’ continued the Philosopher, ‘ my disciple in his search after virtue
 ‘ will, if true to his system, argue thus: To know
 ‘ what is my duty, or what is virtue, in any particular
 ‘ case, I have nothing to do but to discover what,
 ‘ in this particular case, will promote the
 ‘ happiness of the creatures of God. My virtue
 ‘ is simply this, to promote the worldly happiness
 ‘ of God’s creatures. Observe, Sir, the *simplicity*
 ‘ of this system. It reduces all the virtues within
 ‘ a small circle, and renders them alike accessible
 ‘ to the highest and the lowest.’

“ ‘ Captious opponents,’ replied M. ‘ might say
 ‘ that it rendered virtue thus *equally* possible
 ‘ high and low, by rendering it utterly impossi-

‘to any; and that it simplified the virtues by lopping away the larger half of them.’

“ ‘But captiousness, Sir, is not argument. Perhaps, as you can assert for these cavillers, you can also argue for them.’

“ ‘I will attempt it,’ replied M. ‘They would possibly endeavour to prove the system inapplicable, thus: God wills the happiness of his creatures: therefore virtue is the promoting this happiness. Now, in order to apply this doctrine, we are of course supposed to know by what steps or by what results in each case, this happiness would be promoted; but the misfortune is, that we are in utter ignorance of them.’

“ ‘How so, Sir?’ said the startled Philosopher.

“ ‘Your adversaries would say, Sir,’ replied M. ‘that we cannot know what will advance the real happiness of any individual, at the present moment; and that if we could, the happiness of to-day may be the misery of to-morrow; or the joys of to-morrow the ruin of eternity. But suffer me still to be the spokesman of your opponents, and to ask you to apply your principles to the solution of a case in life. I see a beggar, almost broken down with the variety of his afflictions. Ought I to relieve him?’

M

"The Sage knit his brow. The distortion of his countenance plainly indicated either that cases of charity were not those with the solution of which he was most familiar; or that the solution of any case was not with him the labour of a moment.

"At length he said, 'You should have argued thus: Is it expedient for the beggar that I should relieve him? Will it benefit him *now*? Will it benefit him *upon the whole*? Will it benefit *the universe*?' "

"'Let us then,' said M. 'reason the case after this manner: I give the beggar a shilling: he buys mutton with it; the mutton may be mangy and his health suffer from it—I will give him no shilling. But the disease may dispose him to religion—I will give him a shilling. But if he thinks of religion, and again neglects it, he will have the guilt of neglected opportunities—I would not for worlds give him a shilling. His perdition might make others cautious—I would not for worlds but give it him. Thus, before a point was settled, the chain of reasonings would reach from pole to pole, and the poor wretch would inevitably starve.'

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“ ‘ You push matters too far, Sir,’ said the Philosopher.

“ ‘ Those, Sir, for whom I argue,’ replied M. would say, this was impossible. In your system, I know nothing, if I do not know all. Before I can justly decide upon the *expediency* of a single case, and therefore upon what is my *duty* in that particular case, it forces me to condense infinity to a point ; to decypher the map of eternal Providence, to collect, compare, combine and enumerate the ever-shifting occurrences of futurity, and unerringly calculate their results. If this be true it is demonstrated that the system of expediency is useless because *inapplicable*.’

“ At this moment Philosophy quitted the bosom of this her favorite son ; and those opponents of his theory, whom M. had undertaken to represent, were committed, with considerable emphasis, to all the winds, waves, and furies of the universe.— At length, in a voice mingled with fear, curiosity, and passion, he desired M to attempt the making good their *second* assertion :—that ‘ his system *simplified virtue by lopping away one half of it.*’

“ ‘ They would reason thus,’ said M. : ‘ You have said that “ virtue is the promoting the happiness of *others*.” But can any account of virtue

‘be complete which cuts of all the obligations man owes to *himself*, and all he owes to *his God*? A monarch would take a strange way to simplify the government of a province, who should begin by a slaughter of two thirds of its inhabitants.’

“Now here my dear Madam, I cannot but think that M. forgot the presence in which he stood.—Such an argument to a man who had a soul, would have been irresistible; for it seems plainly to be virtue in him to *save this soul*, and *honour the God* who gave it him. But a few feet of breathing clay can have little respect for itself, and less for the hands which shaped it. A sneer upon the face of the Philosopher soon taught me that of all arguments, those which related to a soul, the least affected him.—I was so lost in my musings upon this extraordinary scene, that I listened to nothing for some time, till I heard M. say, ‘my objection to the system of expediency is, that it does not take man as it finds him, and employ his nature; but, on the contrary, attempts to square the man to the theory.’

“‘You astonish me, Sir,’ said the Sage. ‘Man is a *reasoning* animal, and my system would in every situation make him reason. He is, before every action to *compare events* and calculate

‘consequences. He is not even to succour a parent, or nourish a child, till he has reflected upon and calculated the consequences of such conduct. It is thus the Scythian finds it *expedient* to dine upon his grandfather, because, if he did not eat him himself, his countrymen have so little veneration for age, that they would probably starve him first, and devour him afterwards. In the same manner the Chinese deem it expedient to drown such of their children as they do not admire, in the canals of Peking; because useless citizens cannot make a better use of a land, full of people and barren of provision, than to find a grave in it—Each determines wisely, “for *whatever is expedient is right.*”’

“Do you not, my dear madam, tremble? What a system is this, which, if even a world were shaking to dust, would set its disciple, unmoved and indifferent, upon the last relic of creation, to weigh in his balance and number the atoms as they fell? Shall I confess to you, that, bursting with conviction and indignation, I exclaimed, ‘if Monboddo had given philosophers as many tails as the Grand Seigneur gives his Bashaws, I could believe him.’ The Philosopher appeared confounded at my exclamation; and it then, I confess, occurred

to me, that there might be a secret cause for his confusion. If the theory of Monboddó be not universally true, may not this be a distinguishing curse gone forth against philosophers? Philosophy has always some secret, and may not this be the secret of to-day?

“ M. however, soon recalled me from my meditation upon the possible formation of philosophers, and the Sage from his lamentation over it, by addressing this master in ethics: ‘ This is monstrous, Sir. Is expediency to transplant and naturalize the worst crimes of barbarians in the soil of O. ? It has been said, that the *virus* of no animal returns upon itself ; such reasonings, however, happily carry their confutation with them. But I repeat my accusation ;—your system is *not fitted to the nature of man*. Man reasons indeed, as you say :—but then he also *feels* ;—*thought* works in him, but so does *conscience* :—the *heart* speaks when the *head* is silent ;—the *moral instinct* sometimes lives in him when every other spark of the mind is extinguished. You reduce his powers to those of an arithmetician. You drive him for motives through a ledger-book of profit and of loss, when he would find the best counsellor in his own bosom.’ ”

“ ‘*Conscience—moral instinct—feeling!*’ said the Philosopher, and rubbed his eyes, as though to ascertain in what world he was : ‘ What, Sir ! using ‘ this term *conscience* for some blind, unintelligible ‘ and capricious feelings of the mind, are we to ‘ use *her* eyes, and lean upon *her* decisions in morality ?’

“ ‘ As the “ term conscience,” ’ replied M. ‘ finds a place in the Bible, it should find a place ‘ in every system which pretends to govern the ‘ morals of men. But we use it for very different ‘ feelings from those which you enumerate, We use it for feelings which the Chinese violates when he exposes his child, and the Scythian when he dines on his grandfather ; for feelings, which check ingratitude, which revolt against murder, which persuade to justice, which intimate the being of a God.—Of these feelings we say— they are (with innumerable others like these) *defined—simple—and intelligible—invariable in the same circumstances—always at unity with themselves, and with the word of God—and living like in the breast of all mankind : we use the term conscience*” for feelings implanted by God and instructed and governed by reason and revelation.’

“ ‘ But would you,’ asked our disputant, ‘ build
 ‘ a system upon feelings ?’

“ ‘ They must lay the first stone, and reason
 ‘ and revelation erect the edifice. Laws grow out
 ‘ of these as their first elements. They are corol-
 ‘ laries from propositions, which the feelings, thus
 ‘ taught and regulated, establish. I would add
 ‘ one observation : If mankind were not already
 ‘ agreed as to the point, your own system *supposes*
 ‘ the very feelings which you refuse to employ.—
 ‘ You would estimate consequences ;—but must
 ‘ not the mind *weigh* consequences before it can
 ‘ *number* them ? Must we not *value* before we can
 ‘ *calculate* ? In this moral arithmetic, as much as
 ‘ in any other, two is not more than one till we
 ‘ have *felt* the *value* of two and one. Your theory
 ‘ therefore, with patricidal hand, would annihilate
 ‘ the very feelings on which alone it depends.’

“ I then entreated M. to take a case, and com-
 pare the influence of the two systems by bringing
 them to act upon it.

“ ‘ I will,’ said M. ‘ We are told that the Duke
 ‘ of Marlborough received a letter in an unknown
 ‘ hand, assuring him that his life depended on
 ‘ meeting the writer of it in one of the aisles of
 ‘ Westminster Abbey. Now suppose the Duke to

‘have gone, and the ruffian to have rushed upon
 ‘him, and by threats of death to have extorted a
 ‘solemn promise that he would deposit a certain
 ‘sum in the same spot at some future time—*ought*
 ‘*the Duke to have returned to deposit it?* Of this
 ‘case I would affirm, and you, Sir, will unite with
 ‘me,* that although expediency should balance the
 ‘pro and con for ever, she would not arrive at a so-
 ‘lution. The Duke must, according to your theory,
 ‘reason thus: “By going I save my life; and
 ‘others, by taking my line of conduct; may, in si-
 ‘milar circumstances, save theirs. Expediency
 ‘therefore directs me to go.—But, on the other
 ‘hand, if I go, villainy prospers, and the success in
 ‘this case may be the prelude to unlimited extor-
 ‘tion. Expediency therefore directs me not to
 ‘stir a step.” Thus would expediency undo with
 ‘one hand what she did with the other.’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘would an appeal to his con-
 ‘science in this case have done more for him?’

“‘The moral instinct,’ replied M. ‘would have
 ‘instantly and powerfully taught him, that he must
 ‘not become a villain because he had to deal with
 ‘one.’

* *Vide Paley’s Moral Philosophy, vol. i.*

"The Philosopher, because, as I suppose, he was beaten upon his own ground, whirled us away through ages, and over seas and continents, to the schools of ancient Rome. 'Would you, Sir,' I said, 'thus discard the "*utile*" of the ancient which in fact answers to our expediency?'

"'You would in vain,' replied M. 'shelter your system beneath a Pagan wing. I would not discard their '*utile*,' but I would retain and improve upon their "*honestum*.'" Those of your school have confessed that the errors to which a mere calculation of consequences leads, induced the ancients to add the "*honestum*."* We may believe, Sir, that had some of these philosophers enjoyed a revelation to instruct and regulate their feelings, they would have matured the system which they have scattered the rich seeds to posterity, and have planted a Roman soil with Christian virtues.'

"The Philosopher had read enough Greek to know that generals had gained almost as much renown by a masterly retreat as by a successful contest. Having tried his strong hold, he therefore gave up the field, and skirmished with a few lig-

* *Vide Paley's Moral Philosophy, vol. i.*



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ops, while the main body made away. One of the last assertions, I remember, was, that there is a '*fashion* in every thing, and Philosophy must bear the prevailing habit, or society will not receive her. Expediency is enthroned in the cabinet, and she must be seated in the schools.'

'O, no, Sir!' said M. emphatically: 'worlds may die away, but Morality is as unchangeable as the God from whose mouth she proceeded. There is a *good old way* in morals, and I beseech you not to wander from it. Heaven gives us *divine instincts*, and we are glad to profit from them; it gives us *moral instincts*, and we must abide by them. Do not *substitute arithmetic for feeling*, nor think things good only because you can *number* their excellencies, but because *God, speaking in the heart*, tells you that they are good.'

You will observe, my dear Madam, as before, that this address was in many parts only applicable to one who *had a soul*. The Philosopher, by not heeding it, convinced me that *he had none*. He indeed soon perceived his mistake, into which agitation of debate had, no doubt, hurried him. He was silent—the philosophy of his opponent was

any where but in his countenance—and we quitte the house.

“My beloved Madam, *I* have never been a pupil in the school of expediency. I love you an Emily, not because I counted your excellencie but because I felt them. I will learn no other doctrine; for, when the power to number shall decay and only the balance of the sanctuary remain, we know of a love which never faileth. Thus only therefore, can I be for ever

“Your

“GUSTAVUS.”



CHAP. XV.

I SHALL now follow our travellers through some more of their wanderings.

M. took an early opportunity of conveying Gustavus to one of those midnight orgies which are celebrated in O. to the deities of dissipation.—stop for a moment to describe it, because posterity may be as curious to hear of these rites, as we are to inquire into the mysteries of the Dionysia at Paphos.

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It has been said, that all the miracles which the Roman Catholics impute to their saints are borrowed from the fables of heathenism: there is also a curious resemblance in the two above-mentioned feasts of Greece and Rome to that of O. which we are discussing. If to satisfy the God of Vineyards and the Goddess of Love, it is only necessary that throngs of imperfectly dressed women should be assembled; that goblets of wine should crowd the tables; that the limbs of animals should be devoured; that some should hymn the praise, and feel the inspiration of love and wine—take again, ye laurel and vine crowned deities, your stations on Olympus, and be assured that the votaries ye have lost in Naxos or in Paphos have built your altars in O.

Gustavus had been astonished, on entering this temple of pleasure, to find the multitudes by which it was peopled. “Those,” said he, “who are all spirit (alluding, no doubt, to the winged inhabitants of Pandemonium) and who are all body, seem, in similar circumstances, to have a similar power of contraction.” He, at length, ventured to remonstrate with a transparent form, to whom he had been introduced, upon the absurdity of some things he saw.—The person simpered an assent.—“That

others then," said he, continuing the conversation "should pursue and cultivate them, who think them right, is intelligible. But what are your motives for doing them?"

"I always *do what others do.*"

Gustavus turned to M. "Monboddo is right," he said; "for we are told, that in countries where cocoa-nuts are found, those who collect them are afraid to climb the slight branches on which they hang, throw stones at the *monkies* which inhabit the trees, who return a shower of cocoa-nuts—for this simple reason, that monkies *always do what others do.*"

He had sought a refuge from the din of voices in a part of the room which was planted with tables at which usually four persons were seated. Each person held in his hand certain oblong papers mysteriously spotted, which he seemed to take up for the very important purpose of laying down again. Their silence was almost without interruption; but the faces of some of them, in which occasionally fatigue, anger, disappointment, and avarice were painted—the cloud of the eye, the curl of the nose, the storm of the brow, were sufficiently expressive of the state of their minds.

"If these persons had souls," said Gustavus

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“and consumed, as they seem to do, three hours per diem of the twelve in this employment, what a curious article it would form in the book of final account! ‘*Item*, One-fourth of life spent in watching painted papers.’”

The historian is privileged to comment upon the opinions of those whose history he writes. I must observe, therefore, that I, who have in general a profound respect for the opinions of M. can never imagine that he measured the religious state of an individual by the digress of his hostility to a few particular amusements. Some amusements there are which fly in the face of religion;—these M. treated as her enemies, and as his own. Others are only equivocal. They have little in their nature which piety condemns, but then their consequences are more or less formidable. *Cards* take their rank among these last. Now shall I be thought presumptuous in attempting to supply a sort of rule by which such amusements may be tried? so that, whilst other legislators are hanging or quartering the vices of mankind, I may endeavour to convict those pleasures from which half these vices have sprung. Nothing paints so forcibly as contrast. Let me therefore, in order to condemn guilty amusements,

point out such as it would be impossible to condemn.

If they are not easy of abuse;—if the advantages they produce balance their mischiefs when abused;—if their direct or chance expense does not break in upon our charities;—if they are not so closely allied to the amusements of the bad as to confound and incorporate men of the most opposite sentiments;—if they have no tendency to wean society from more profitable employments;—if, lastly, they do not improperly encroach upon that brief period bestowed upon man to do the business of eternity:—if all this be true of any of them; I will say of him who uses such amusements, he *may* be a Christian, and a very good Christian; but the most distinguished Christian will need them the least. For he will seek his pleasures chiefly in the field of his duties; and though he *suffers* mere amusement, and is even thankful for that, as for every thing else, when it comes, will neither anxiously court it, nor repine at its absence.

I suspect that the lovers of cards will not now be anxious to bring them to the bar of my judgment. If I am thought too severe in wishing to rid society of this amusement, let me add, as some mitigation of my offence, that I believe these im-

plements of idleness are often found in more conscientious hands than they deserve. If the threadbare argument is pressed upon us, that the state of society makes them necessary—I borrow the sentiment of the opposers of our poor-laws—"Destroy the poor-houses; and the poor, having no public hand on which to lean, will use their own." In like manner I would say, Banish cards; and society, wanting a refuge for indolence and imbecility, may become active and intelligent. To make the idle happy, is to cut off the only bridge by which they might return to the society of the wise and good. The present age, indeed, according to my plan, must suffer by being robbed of their crutch; but, in consequence of it, the next age will perhaps walk alone.—I return to Gustavus.

M. had some difficulty in convincing him that he was in a place of amusement. The "*Dance of Death*" of Holbein rushed into his memory as he observed some of the ghosts which glided down the dance; nor could he comprehend the texture of some of the female nerves of O.—which, too feeble for even the most quiet duties, seemed to rejoice in the heat of a furnace, the noise of a cataract, and the wild confusion of a field of battle. Less than all this could he comprehend how four

creatures could voluntarily nail themselves for a quarter of the sun's daily course to the same surface of green cloth—could for that period contract with each other to abstain even from the appearance of an idea; and welcome to their breast a thousand feelings which nothing but an exorcist could expel.—But I hurry on to a second anecdote.

Some kind of pause had occurred in the quartette before their eternal “da capo” commenced, when one of its performers lifted a languid eye to the face of Gustavus: “You have lately come among us?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like us?”—He did not wait for a reply—“*Un sage peuple,*” said he, “*on s’amuse si bien—on ne fait que s’amuser.*”

He resumed his occupation, and Gustavus stood wondering by what curious analysis an inordinate appetite for amusement was discovered to form a constituent part of “*sagacity.*”

It was three days after this that he was walking with M. in one of the most industrious streets of O. Several monkies were elevated on a stage, and, in spite of the example around them of men, horses, and asses, striving for their daily bread, continued their fantastic gambols as though they alone had a charter to be indolent amidst a busy



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creation. The contrast between them and the bustling citizens beneath, their incessant antics and absurdities, were not lost upon Gustavus.—
‘*Un sage peuple,*’ said he, ‘*on s’amuse si bien—*
‘*on ne fait que s’amuser !*’—M. could not help smiling at these strange confirmations of his theory.



CHAP. XVI.

ACCIDENT had, early in the morning, carried our travellers to the Park which we formerly mentioned. Gustavus was surprised to discover six well-dressed men already in possession of one corner of it. Two of these, apparently much at their ease, held some kind of surgical apparatus in their hands. Two others were obviously busy in adjusting the position of the remaining couple, and at length planted them *vis-a-vis*, in marble dignity, at the distance of fifteen paces. What was our hero's astonishment when he saw one of the two last, as he imagined, passive creatures, with unruffled nonchalance, level a huge pistol, and discharge it at the breast of his companion! It miss-

ed ; the other fired, and the first fell. Immediately one of the medical bystanders of whom we spoke, rushed upon him, and conveyed him in his talons to a carriage. The rest were speedily enclosed in other conveyances, and the party had vanished almost before the wonder of Gustavus allowed him to reach the spot. For a moment he stood petrified and speechless.

M. heard him bursting from his trance by some broken phrases—"Thus to brave the Almighty's thunder—to stake eternity on the turn of a ball—to rush unbidden into the presence of God—to fling away the *soul*!"

"Do you remember," said M. "our definition of an idiot?"

"As opposed to a madman," answered Gustavus, "he is a man who argues irrationally from a rational idea: he thinks himself, as he is, a *man*, but acts like any other animal."

"Did not I tell you that an acquaintance with this definition would be of use to us? Behold in the warlike animals of to-day the idiots of O.—These are persons who know, that though without souls, they have bodies, and yet act, when they fight a duel, as though they had none."

"I long," said Gustavus, "for a proof of this; for



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as thinking, that if the notion of a God and an immortal soul were removed, this practice was calculated to secure the rights, and polish the manners of society."

"What benefit then," asked M. "do you conceive society to derive from duelling?"

"One plainly," answered Gustavus—"I mean *reparation*."

"In general," said M. "the law in such cases will assist him. It is true, however, that there are occasions where the law does not interfere, and which, without some interference, the character of the injured person might suffer. Now, then, in these cases you seem to think a man gains a 'reparation' by challenging his enemy?"

"I think so."

"Let us examine this point.—A is injured by B. Would his wrongs be *repaired* by A's proposing, and B's consenting, that each should leap the same precipice? If, indeed, he could force B *alone* to take the leap, and the *shortening* another's life would *lengthen* his own, this might be a sort of compensation for his wrongs. Otherwise it is not. Besides, suppose A, a rector, to be of twice the specific gravity, and half the muscular force of B, who is but a curate, so that the leap which is easy

- to the last breaks the bones of the first, A could scarcely be thought a gainer by the scheme. But this is parallel to the case where B is a much better shot than A."

"Before I can admit that the scheme of the precipice is an exact parallel to that of the pistol," answered Gustavus, "you must prove that the consciousness of a good cause would not steady the hand of A, so as to give him a manifest superiority."

"Consciousness of having a right cause might indeed," said M. "string his nerves; but doubt about the means he was employing to maintain it, would unstring them. Besides, if B were a hackneyed shooter, practice would give him more firmness than right would give to A. Nor is it probable that any consciousness of wrong would most affect the worst of the two, because great offenders are usually more at ease than small ones."

"I see," said Gustavus, "the conclusion to which you would come."

"Undoubtedly," answered M. "if our definition of idiotism be accurate, these men would appear to be as much idiots as a slobbered chin, an acre of face, and saucer eyes could make them. Having bodies, and knowing they have them, they



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as though they had none. In order to obtain 'reparation' for one wound, they only expose themselves to another."

If, however," said Gustavus, "you will not w the injured individual to gain any 'reparation' by calling out his antagonist, you must admit that *the state is benefited by the chastisement of delinquent whom her laws could not reach.*"

By no means. In O. the laws provide a court of honour, which is not employed, only because people think gunpowder a better measure of justice than laws. The state, therefore, in this case, actually needs any assistance. But more than this the state positively rejects this particular assistance, by enacting laws against it."

Why is this?"

Because the state is ill satisfied, that *two* of its citizens shall be exposed for an offence which *one* can have committed; that life should be endangered for an offence which, perhaps, scarcely merits a frown; that individuals should snatch the sword of justice from public hands. This last action is paramount to every other. Admit that which is the principle of duelling), that every one may revenge what he deems his own wrongs, every man's hand might be raised against his brother—

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ge and murder stalk abroad—and the world
d be too narrow for any two of its inhabi
s."

But granting this," said Gustavus, "do you
imagine that much of the delicacy of honour,
l courtesy of manner, the polish and forbearance
O. are owing to this practice of duelling?"

"It has been affirmed, but I question it. In the
rst place, if it were true, this influence is of little
mportance, as it *extends to few*, and those only of
the higher classes, whom other circumstances
would tend to polish. Again, duelling has plainly
an opposite tendency—a tendency to barbarize
states, by substituting brute courage for every
other virtue."

"Why, I must confess," said Gustavus, "it
seems extraordinary to be at once satisfied of the
virtue of a man who had used false dice, destroyed
my reputation, or seduced my sister, by simply
his telling me—'*Sir, I carry pistols.*'"

"But to proceed," said M.; "if duelling con-
tributed to refine a people, its progress would be
hand in hand with their civilization. Whereas
cannot be questioned that the science of quarrel-
ling is now less studied, the grounds of contention
less multiplied, and duels less abundant in O. than

two centuries since ; when every sigh of her Princesses was tainted with Geneva, and each Maid of Honour had a court allowance of beef and brown stout for her breakfast.—This is not all—Duelling is to be considered as a *penalty* to which any man is subject who wounds the honour of another. It therefore *supposes* that delicacy of mind which you say it *creates* ; for without this the offence would not have been felt, and therefore the penalty not incurred. Judges and hangmen *enforce* laws, but they do not make them : in like manner duelling may *enforce* the laws of good breeding, but it cannot *make* them.”

“ But still,” said G. “ you allow that duelling *diminishes* the number of offences which one man of O. would commit against another ?”

“ Even that is doubtful. By giving them an apparent method of vindicating their rights, it makes them more absurdly jealous of them ; and they guard their dogs from insult with as much anxiety as their persons. Besides, as, amongst Christians, those who abstain from crimes rather on account of their consequences than from a hatred towards the crimes themselves, acquire dishonourable and mercenary views of religion ; so those shapes of O. who do not insult other shapes of O. only be-

cause they must afterwards fight them, are likely soon to become destitute of all kind and generous feelings, and therefore to quarrel more than ever."

"But perhaps," said G. "I have considered duelling upon improper grounds—the men of O. do not seek 'reparation' from it."

"You are right," answered M. "Even *they* are not generally so absurd. Nor, whatever Monboddo's theory may give you reason to suspect, is *revenge*, which, as Lord Bacon says, is '*wild justice*,—the justice of *monkies*—always their object; but it is the good opinion of the world which they thus seek 'even in the cannon's mouth.'"

"Is there no test," said G. "but being bullet-proof, to which characters could be brought?"

"The best expedient," replied M. "which could be employed would be, for the laws to give every aggrieved person a power of summoning a fixed number of unbiassed persons to decide upon his case, and to award the compensation which would best repair his wrongs. My honour is blemished by you; but it is not in the power of gunpowder to restore it; for if it give me the reputation of courage, it cannot, perhaps, do away the imputation you have thrown upon me. But persons selected from the public would represent the public:

their voice would be the voice of the community ; and their opinion would decide a case which in general is *only matter of opinion*. If, however, these *people had souls*, you see that no desire of the applause of others could arm them with pistols."

"No," answered Gustavus ; "for such beings to fight, would be to brave God through fear of man."

"These, therefore," said M. "would be the most *criminal* ; but can any thing be so *absurd* as the duellist of O. ? He who thinks only of the body, exposes it to a contest in which every chance may be against him. He who calculates upon no life beyond this, yet stakes his only existence to procure the applause of a few shadows like himself."

CHAP. XVII.

Our travellers had now searched almost every corner in O. for subjects of wonder, or for illustrations of their theory. But there is something in the contemplation of folly and vice which dis-

tresses a good mind. If men loved them less themselves, they would be more affected by them in others. Gustavus gave them successively a tear or a frown, as pity or disgust prevailed in his bosom.—In addition to this—as the storm which bruises the flower nourishes the tree—so *absence*, which starves a weak affection, had strengthened a strong one, and Gustavus felt every day a more anxious desire to return to Switzerland and Emily.

M. found him one day with these verses in his hand :

'Tis *memory* says, that round thine eye
In liquid lustre circling fly
A thousand living rays ;
Like as when round the pointed lance,
In harmless eye-deceiving dance,
The summer lightning idly plays. *

And memory says, that on thy brow
Is pencil'd such a peaceful bow
As oft bestrides the sky ;

* *This phenomenon is said to occur in some southern climates.*

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Prophetic too it seems to say,
'That many a holy happy day
Is promis'd to my Emily.

I see thee, as the moon's pale beam
Silvers the scarcely heaving stream,
Count the slow waves which sullen break ;
Or steal along the chequer'd isle,
While meek Devotion's sainted smile
Sits calmly on thine angel cheek.

I see thee climb the rugged steep,
Where poor Valette forgets to weep,
Cheer'd by thy pitying eye ;
But never see that eye severe,
To frown on woe, or chide the tear
Of helpless, hopeless misery.

But why are these but *memory's* themes,
Of joys expir'd, but lingering dreams,
The ghosts of what were mine ?
In each low bell that strikes mine ear,
A mournful voice I seem to hear,
" Those joys no more are thine."

But yield me to my native oaks,
 To laughing vallies bleached with flocks,
 To nature's ribs of stone ;
 Another touch shall wake the string,
 And sweetly Emily shall sing,
 " Those joys are thine alone."

" I once remarked," said M. " that it was not *only sorrow* which made a poet. But let me add, that poetry had some obligations to you for not prostituting it to any base employments. Love, when it borrows the aid of numbers, sometimes sings in strains fit only for the seraglio.—We are not however, to consider religion as an enemy to chaste affections ;—it is not meant to destroy love, but to sanctify it. And the influence of modest love is reciprocal—it does not wound religion, but adorns it."

" If," said Gustavus, " my poetry had taken a more questionable shape, you ought not to have wondered at it ; for who can breathe the air of O. for sixty days, and not be corrupted by it ? Who knows, indeed, but with a longer stay I may become a subject from which future Monboddo's may maintain the theory of their ancestors ?"

" Do you then desire to go ?" said M.

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“ Ah! yield me,” he answered, “ to my native oaks, To laughing vallies bleached”——

“ We will go,” said M. “ to-morrow. You cannot love St. Foy better than I do.”

CHAP. XVIII.

IF I marry Gustavus and Emily, it will be objected to me, that it is incredible a tale of truth like mine should terminate like a novel. But it is to be observed, that nature will sometimes clash with the novelist, whatever industry the latter may employ to keep her at a distance.

If my readers, however, are offended at my thus treading in the iron rail-way of the writers of fiction, I am about to take a flight, which will convince them I am as eccentric as they could wish me to be. I request then all those who have followed me thus far, at once to quit every thought of the voyage, the meeting, and the altar; and to hurry onward with me to that point in the vale of life where Gustavus and Emily found themselves after some years.

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the invaders, that the best Christian is ever the best patriot; and St. Foy wrote in blood the solemn truth, that there is no rampart like the breasts of a free people.



NOTES.

NOTE A, PAGE 84.

is, and some other affirmations that follow, appear so questionable to those who are not acquainted with this subject, that it has been thought necessary to produce some of the authorities on which they are founded. The important facts belonging to this traffic, may be found clearly and fully stated in a pamphlet entitled, "The Facts of the Question." Printed for Hatchard, 1841.

NOTE B, PAGE 84.

The capital employed in the Slave Trade does not at the utmost, amount to more than 1,128,625*l*. which is not one thirty-fourth part of the average capital employed in the exports of the country." See Facts of the Question, page 34, 2d edition.

NOTE C, PAGE 84.

"THE profits of the negro traffic are universally allowed to be extremely uncertain. But the return even in the most advantageous transactions, is more *slow* than those of the most distant branch of foreign trade. The Slave Trade, therefore draws that part of the national capital which it employs to the occupation of all others most uncertain and productive of most remote benefits. The other branches of our traffic are infinitely more secure, and possess the advantage, most of all conducive to the public good, that of much quicker turns." *State of the Question*, page 34.—To this it might be added, that the capital employed in the Jamaica trade does not in its average profits produce more than four per cent. *Jam. Report*, 1805.

NOTE D, PAGE 85.

THESE facts are unquestionable: 1. That the African trade does not employ one sixtieth of our tonnage. 2. That it does not employ one twelfth part of our seamen. 3. That the average foreign trade of Great Britain employs more than

nage in the proportion of 50 to 30 according to the capital employed, than the Slave Trade. 4. That the mortality of seamen employed in the African commerce is greater in the proportion of 8 to 1 than that in the direct West India trade, which, next to the Slave Trade, is the most unwholesome in the universe. And yet this trade is the *nursery* of the British navy. Vide State of the Question, p. 39, 40, &c.; Report of Committee, 1789; Clarkson's Letters, Part II.

NOTE E, PAGE 85.

IT is plain, from a consideration of the returns of deaths, births, and importations, in the islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes, &c. that there is in all an access of births above the deaths at this present moment; so that if the trade were to cease immediately, the stock of the islands would not only maintain itself, but increase. How much greater would be the increase, if the proportion of females were greater to that of males (which would soon be the case if no fresh importations took place); and if, by an inability to purchase, it should become the interest of the planters to breed!

“ Some islands, even now, are well known to require no supply whatever, and to trust entirely to the natural means of increasing their stock.”
Vide State of the Question, p. 44, 46.



THE VELVET CUSHION.



THE
VELVET CUSHION.

Senectus natura loquacior.
CICERO.

BY J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A. M.
VICAR OF HARROW.

FROM THE
FIFTH LONDON EDITION OF 1814.

Albany :
.....
GREEN & Co.
.....

1815.

G. J. Loomis & Co. Printers, Albany.



Dedication.

TO THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WITH filial reverence I presume to lay upon your altar, the following little history, trusting that it may serve to remind your enemies of some of your excellencies, and your friends of the duties which a good Churchman owes to himself, to his Church, to his Country, and to his God.

I am, &c.

THE AUTHOR.





PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE Author of this little work cannot persuade himself to give another edition of it to the public, without addressing a few words to its readers.

In the first place, he feels it incumbent upon him to express his gratitude to those who have charitably overlooked its numerous defects, and have called upon him, in the space of a few months, for five considerable editions.

Secondly, he has to thank those who have candidly reviewed his work, and enabled him thereby to correct a part, at least, of its faults, and thus to present each successive edition to the public with less glaring deficiencies than before.

And thirdly, he has to express his thankfulness to the harsher critics of this little performance, for having, by the conflicting nature of their charges, supplied him in the pages of one party, with abun-

dant weapons to repel the assaults of another. It may not be known to any large proportion of his readers, that this little book, instead of being received in its proper character as 'the portrait of a good pastor of the Church of England,' has been considered by some as a work of a polemical nature. Yet, as if to manifest the injustice of such suspicions, opposite parties have detected in it the most opposite and incongruous intentions. It has been deemed by some, a 'masked' attack upon dissent; and by others, which is by far more wonderful, a 'masked' attack upon the establishment. The following passages, for example, are extracted from two Reviews, one professedly conducted by Dissenters,* and the other purporting to be conducted by Churchmen.†

"We soon (says the first of these critics,) perceived the author to be zealously attached to the Established Church."—Again, "his object soon became evident—to defend the national Church." Again, "It (the Velvet Cushion) is a 'masked' battery, which, unprovoked, has opened its fires alike upon enemies and neutrals—upon all, in fact, without the pale of an endowed establishment."

* *The Eclectic Rev.*

† *The British Critic.*

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"Against the author of this work, (says the other critic) be he who he may, we prefer the accusation of insidiously sacrificing the general character of that church which he professes to defend," &c.—And again,

"We should have held its unknown author in much higher estimation, had he boldly declared his design, and had he not, under the '*mask*' of affection and love, aimed a blow at that very church which he professes to venerate."

Now, it is impossible that both the imputations contained in these extracts should be true, and the author ventures confidently to deny the truth of either. He is neither the '*masked*' enemy of the establishment, nor the '*masked*' enemy of dissent—but is the open and ardent champion of the one, and the open, though he would hope, tolerant and candid expositor of the defects of the other.

That some of those, however, who *differ from the Church of England*, should discover in this little volume what appears to them just subject of complaint, the author does not wonder. Strong attachment to a particular system is apt to render men unduly jealous of any opposition to it. He has, however, the satisfaction to know, that his judgment upon particular evils in the dissenting

system has been sanctioned by the opinion of some respectable members of that body—and that some persons, halting between the establishment and dissent, have been led by this little work to fix on the side of the former. He earnestly prays that the number of these converts may be multiplied; and that the good and wise of all classes may finally rally round the banner of the establishment, and in her ranks, fight the battles of religion against the armies of infidelity and worldliness.

That any *Churchman* should discover in this volume grounds to suspect the author's attachment to the Church of England, is truly astonishing to him. But from the testimonies to the spirit at least of this little book which he has received from some of those highest in Church and State, he is inclined to hope that such suspicions are the feelings of an individual; not the opinions of a body.

As the third edition of this work, with the name of its author prefixed, had been published ten days before the appearance of the critique in which that imputation is contained, the charge of hostility to the Church of England was not directed against an anonymous and unknown writer, but against a man professedly devoted to her service, and intrusted by her with an office of no light importance

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and responsibility. When, therefore, he is thus publicly charged with making himself one of a party, and with arrogating to himself peculiar and exclusive titles, he would humbly ask for a single proof of these allegations, in his conversation, in his ministry, or in his writings.

When, also, it is intimated, that he is among those who have forsaken their parochial duties for the prosecution of other general objects, he thinks it right to answer, that in the space of three years, he has not been absent more than three Sundays from the pulpit of his vicarage. He presumes also generally to state, that he knows no party but that of the Church of England, and admits no duty to be so imperative with regard to himself, as the instruction and guardianship of that family and parish which it has pleased God to commit to his charge.

It remains only for the author to apologize for thus speaking of himself. But he felt it due to his readers, to his own character, and to a large parish whose judgment of their minister might be misled by such representations, to state, that in supposing him to be an ardent friend of the establishment, no one is deceived—that he is, in truth, its fond admirer—the anxious, though humble defender of

its doctrines and discipline—that he most joyfully lives in its communion—and that upon a dying bed he expects and desires, through the mercy of God, to say, with old Herbert, when asked in what prayers they should supplicate for him—“Give me (said he) the prayers of my mother, the Church—there are none like her’s.”

TIRE

VELVET CUSHION.

CHAPTER I.

THE Vicar of a small parish church, whose turrets nodded over one of the most picturesque lakes of Westmoreland, although no believer in necromancy, stood aghast one day at perceiving the increased bulk of his velvet cushion. Few men could have better pretensions to be intimately acquainted with this throne of theology than himself. He had pressed with a succession of excellent sermons, for five and thirty years, that side of it which was now uppermost. And he was scarcely less familiar with the other side. For on his first institution to the living, he had, in the true spirit of economy, used that face which was worst for upwards of ten years. But when his zeal had actually beaten a hole in it, the dignity of the establishment demanded a change ; and this brought the other side into use. Nor was it merely a sabbatical intercourse with

the cushion which had given him this intimate knowledge of it. His attention, since the moment of his induction to the vicarage, had been particularly drawn to it by many current rumours in the parish. It was reported, for instance, to be one of the oldest cushions in the three kingdoms. It had certainly afforded a resting place to the divinity of fifteen or twenty of his predecessors in the vicarage. Nor had even they known it in the earliest stages of its ecclesiastical career. Report said that it had seen many vicissitudes, and travelled through successive ages—that it had been swept by the tunic of a Pope's nuncio—had descended to the pulpit of one of the first puritans—had been expelled by some of the Cromwellites, as an impious adjunct to the simplicity of primitive worship—had risen again with the rising fortunes of the monarchy—and, after many chances and changes, had climbed the mountains of Westmoreland, to spend the years of its grand climacteric in the quiet and unambitious pulpit of the vicarage. Now, as our vicar was somewhat of an antiquarian, all these rumours invested the cushion with inconceivable dignity in his eyes. He considered it as a sort of monarch in retirement. He never touched it, without feeling himself carried back into the most

remote periods. He would often display it with a smile of triumph to his clerical visitors, whose larger benefices were, in his view, but a poor compensation for so splendid a possession. And this he continued to do, though he rarely succeeded in creating any other surprise in his auditors, than that the parish should not be liberal enough to find him a better. Being moreover a thinking man, he would often philosophise over his cushion: and marvel what effect the same number and variety of sermons which had been delivered in its presence would have produced upon the mind of a sentient being—which of the systems, all equally indifferent to the cushion he would have embraced—whether he would have settled down, as the vicar deemed he ought, into a sound churchman, or whether, amidst conflicting opinions, he would, like a vessel amidst contending tides, have been left as neutral and motionless as the cushion itself. “O!” he would add, “that I could but see the history of my cushion.” And as he began to fall into that common infirmity of age, the recurring often to a few darling topics, his neighbours were compelled to hear the wish pretty often repeated. I mention this circumstance as tending, perhaps, in some

measure, to explain its present mysterious expansion. But to return to our history.

Putting these various circumstances together, I may surely venture to repeat the assertion, that few divines could have better pretensions than our venerable vicar to be acquainted with their cushions. Neither time, nor opportunity, nor importunity, had been wanting for the fullest scrutiny of its shape, bulk, and complexion. Whence, then, could the aforesaid expansion of the cushion arise? He put on his glasses, then rubbed his eyes, and then the glasses themselves—but, he still saw his old friend with a new face. Conceiving, however, that his eyes and glasses, however long and confidently trusted, might not, after all, be infallible—conceiving in short, any thing more probable than the mutability of his immutable cushion, he resolved to bring it to the test of another sense. What, then, was his confusion and dismay, when having put his hand on it, instead of finding it yield, as usual to his touch, he felt some resistance to his pressure. Here was indeed, cause for terror. He absolutely started back. It happened unfortunately, to be verging towards November, and the fifth of that terrible month at once arose, like an apparition, before him. A rumour had lately reached



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him, that the Catholics were petitioning our good old king for emancipation ; but what if they were secretly taking a more summary method for the accomplishment of their wishes. What, if instead of filling cellars with combustible, their scheme should be to cram velvet cushions with them ! What, if the very instruments of ecclesiastical dignity and usefulness were now to be converted into instruments of assassination ! What if every true son of the Church was designed, at some given moment, at some critical conjuncture, perhaps in the precise act of praying for Church and King, to receive the contents of his cushion in his bosom.—Horror, doubt, suspicion, the pride of discovery, the fancied smell of gun-powder, the fear of a premature explosion were almost too much for the old gentleman. Such a trembling of nerves—such a revulsion of blood to the heart, he had scarcely ever experienced before. As his system, however began to recover, he discovered somewhat less ground for alarm. But, whether his suspicions might be well or ill founded, nothing appeared to be of such importance as investigation and secrecy. His resolution, therefore, was soon taken. In the dusk of the evening he mustered courage to enter the church alone, to seize the supposed organ of con-

piracy, and to carry it to his own study. But, when there, what was to be done with it? There was one bosom which shared all his joys and sorrows. He had a wife who was the pillar of his little fabric of worldly comforts. Their two heads, laid together, rarely failed to hit upon a contrivance for every daily emergency; and at length, after a much longer conference than usual, it was resolved, at once and heroically, to unbowel the cushion. The solemnity may be conceived with which the aged couple seated themselves to the task of ripping up their velvet friend, with a view of tearing from the womb those plots on which the destiny of the nation might be suspended. But how shall I describe the amazement and the joy with which he, and therefore she, saw inscribed at the head of a large roll of paper, which soon met their eager eyes,—“my own history.” It scarcely occurred to our ecclesiastic, that velvet cushions cannot ordinarily either think or write—for having just begun to study the new system of education, he did not know to what perfection it might have been suddenly brought. Nor did it at all occur to him, that his above mentioned philosophings on the cushion had been often listened to with profound attention by a thin, queer, ill-look-

ing, dirty, retired sort of a man in the next village, who was said by the country folks to be either a conjurer or an author. The wish of his heart was granted to him—the history of his velvet cushion—and little reckoned he whence it came, or who was the historian. Another candle was instantly lighted, his glasses polished, the sofa wheeled nearer to the fire, and he began to read the memoir which follows.

CHAPTER. II.

THE first place in which I remember to have seen the light was in the shop of an upholsterer in Fleet-street, in the days of bloody Queen Mary.—You, Sir, who feel something, though I rejoice to say little, of the ravages of time in your own person, (the old lady, notwithstanding, the qualifying word ‘little,’ looked somewhat grave and angry,) can easily believe that I have lost so much of my original dignity. I was then as splendid as gold and tassels could make me. Several of my species lay near me, and none of them less magnificently caparisoned than myself. Of these, alas,

I soon lost sight. They have long since fallen before that besom which sweeps the high and the low, the velvet and the serge, into one indiscriminate grave. I soon heard myself destined by the master of the ware-house, to the pulpit of a great church in the metropolis, and thither I was, next day, transported in a coach. And here, Sir, I beg to observe, that I was not always able to write my own history. In fact, when I entered the church, nothing could be more ignorant than myself. I had heard only the conversation of the manufactory. But my new circumstances gave me great advantages. It soon occurred to me, that in so busy a world, even a cushion could not be meant to be idle. As my nature, therefore, unfitted me for action, I determined to give myself wholly to thought and speculation. You, Sir, who both think and act, will not despise those who do only the former. The Arabs, indeed, as I have heard, when they take a prisoner, always first ask him what he can do? And when a French Scavan, whom they caught, hoping to escape manual drudgery, told them in reply, that he was accustomed only to sedentary pursuits—they, by way of turning him to account, actually tarred and feathered him, and set him to hatch eggs. But Arabs are barbarians,

and in my native country I could not fear any such indignity. But to return—if my nature disposed me to thought, so did my circumstances. From the Pispah of the pulpit I have seen most of the great men of successive ages, whom piety, custom, accident, or their wives, have brought to church. In the same commanding situation, I have heard all the best preachers of three centuries. Thus all the grand questions in religion and morality, and by dint of fasts and thanksgivings, in politics, have been submitted to my consideration. And when conveyed for warmth during the week, from the pulpit to the vestry, I have heard all sorts of questions discussed in all sorts of tempers, by all sorts of men. The clerks, sextons, and pew-openers, also a class of persons falsely thought to have little to do with the affairs of the church, except to take one fee for burying the dead, and sometimes another for digging them up again, have given me much information. They play, indeed, inferior parts in the ecclesiastical drama; but as far as free and fluent elocution goes to form an actor, they have probably few superiors. Amidst such privileges, I trust I have not been altogether idle. And if you are curious to see the result of my meditations, and to compare them with your own,

you have now the opportunity. The paper in your hands contains an account of much that I have heard and seen, with my own comments upon it.'

"Was there ever such a treasure, my love," said the old gentleman. She could think of no such treasure except, indeed, the aged vicar himself. It was not that she had the same instinctive and antiquarian attachment for the cushion with himself; but she had taught herself pretty much to love whatever he said. Indeed, fifty years of intimate communion were not likely to leave much difference of taste. Perhaps, with the exception of two habits of the good vicar, there was scarcely an act of his life to which she could not reconcile herself. The habits which I mean, were occasionally smoking a single pipe; and sometimes, though very rarely indeed, preaching a borrowed sermon. The truth, as to these points, was, she could ill endure that a mouth, ordained to be the channel of his own kindness and wisdom, should be degraded into, either a mere conveyance of smoke, or of the thoughts of other people. As to other things, they were like the strings of two finely tuned instruments brought into contact—touch the one, and the other vibrated. I have al-

rs been deeply interested in this aged couple. the world are delighted to watch the young as y grow up together. To me it is not less de- tful to see the old wear off together—to see creatures, of distinct tempers and passions, by rees, melting into one—to see how happy those y be, who habitually prefer the happiness of an- er to their own—to see, finally, real love, like a ver blooming amidst ruins, surviving the vigour the body, and all those attractions on which it hought to depend. Some fanciful writer has gined that mankind fall from heaven in pairs ; t that, unless the right pair meet again after ir descent, they can neither of them be happy. his be true, I should certainly imagine that this erable couple dropped from the skies togeth- at all events, they will, I doubt not, together end the skies. But as they will frequently ap- r in the course of this history, the reader may ge of all these things for himself. In the mean e I proceed to another chapter.

C

CHAPTER III.

THE old gentleman then having put both body and mind into the attitude of attention, and heard with laudable patience and forbearance, a caution from his careful lady against hurting himself by reading too loud, read on as follows :

“ As I said, Sir, I was now the cushion of a Catholic church, and I assure you that I soon felt all the benefit of my recent consecration and peculiar appointment. A good Catholic treats even his cushion with reverence. Indeed, I had some reason to suspect, that an old woman of the congregation considered me either as the relic of a Saint, or as the Saint himself suffering under some especial penance. For certain it is, she often approached me with crosses and genuflections.—But Sir, Popery possessed some more substantial and general claims upon my regard than those founded upon the honors it conferred on myself. When I looked around on the edifice into which I was introduced, I was at once awed and delighted. The vast Gothic arches, the solemn light, the general air of majesty, all inspired the most lofty ideas of the Being to whom the temple was dedicated.—

And here, Sir, as I am likely to say a few hard things of Popery presently, I wish by way of set off, to remind you good Protestants, that you owe to Popery almost every thing that deserves to be called by the name of a Church. I have heard you, Sir, who ought, I am sure, to read nothing in vain, read very emphatically a brief for the repair of a Church originally built by Papists, which even with the odd sixpence slipped in by yourself for the reputation of the parish, did not collect above nine pence. I have sometimes thought, that if Protestantism had been the first faith of the country, and the present niggardly spirit as to public edifices had prevailed, you must all have been field preachers for want of a Church to preach in. But to return, Sir. I soon discovered that, after admiring the magnificence of Popery, my topics of admiration were nearly exhausted. I no sooner heard parts of the Bible than I began to compare them with what I saw and heard around me. And I need not tell you, Sir, that the Bible and Popery do not very strictly harmonize. I saw an endless round of childish ceremonies—water said to cleanse from sin—unction that at once prepared the sinner for heaven—relics of the cross which put together, were twice as big as the cross itself

could have been—figures of saints said to have fallen from heaven, but carved (as I heard the clerk say) about fifty years before, out of the remnants of an old pew—images said to open their eyes, to cure diseases, to send victory, and so on—but all of which, I who was in the secret, knew to have been created by a neighbouring joiner.—All this, however, though bad enough, was not the worst. I actually saw the priest hold up a piece of bread which he affirmed to be Christ, and all the people fell down and worshipped it. As to much that I heard, I have thought it an implicit duty to forget it as soon as possible. Exceptions, indeed, there were. But, too often, I heard little but certain maxims and histories, of no authority or use, which they called traditions. Sometimes these were exchanged for fabulous histories of the very Saints I have mentioned as having been manufactured by a neighbouring joiner. Sometimes also, I heard the duty of penance, of worshipping the Virgin, of burning and pinching men into orthodoxy, and of confession to the priest. As to this last duty, I observed, that what many seem to think a part of it was most rigidly performed, namely, the statement which the confessionist gave of his own excellencies. I heard much also of ab-

solution; and especially remember the man who bought at a high price, from the Pope's nuncio, absolution for three months in advance from whatever sin he might commit; and in virtue of his licence, before the expiration of the patent, robbed this very nuncio of all he had pilfered by the sale of this and many other absolutions. I heard occasionally also, from a neighbouring court, what was still more terrible—the crackling of faggots, and the groans of heretical victims. But, Sir, as I do not love finding fault, I will here stop, confessing, however, that I sincerely partook in the joy expressed by the old Clerk, who, though he called himself for convenience a Papist, during this bloody reign, was nevertheless too conscious of his heresy, not daily to expect suspension by one of his own bell-ropes—when told, by the verger, that the Queen was dead. I love Royalty, and do not mean to judge her as an individual. The religion of her Royal Father was certainly not such as to recommend his mode of faith to her. Persecution also was the fashion of the day. Moreover, she was a woman of weak understanding in the hands of crafty Priests. In short, I heartily hope that her Majesty had some better

excuses to offer than you zealous Protestants have discovered. But, as I said, I rejoiced she was gone and unfeignedly hoped Popery would be buried in the grave with her.

Here the venerable reader laid down the manuscript; and she whose oracle he was, laid down her work to listen to his observations upon it—He took off his spectacles, that not looking outwards, he might, as it were, see inwards the better, placed his right hand upon the Bible which lay on his table, as afraid, in his argument of letting it go—and thus began.

“I think, my dear,” he said, “it is difficult to speak too ill of popery as a religion.”

“I should think it is, my love,” she answered.

“It was once,” he added, “superstitious, formal, cold, and cruel. Above all, it did not teach men to fix their hopes and affections upon that Saviour who has been, my love, all our hope for near fifty years.” The mention of these fifty years would have insured her assent to a far more questionable proposition.

“And, then,” said he, “the errors of the church were perpetuated by their own practices. The blessed book,” and he raised his hand, and reverently brought it down again upon the sacred vol-

ume as he spoke, "this blessed book, which would have corrected the evil, was kept out of sight. They were sick, and would not let the physician prescribe for them."

"*That*, my dear," said the old lady, whose thoughts were instantly turned by the word 'physician' to a little argument between them the day before, on the subject of a complaint of his own, "that my dear, is the fault of some better men than themselves."

"Now," added he, pretending not to notice her remark, "a consequence of this was, that the disease continually gained ground." She still applying the remark nearer home, fetched a deep sigh. "Hence," he added, "an evil once introduced into the system was never got rid of. Still, while I condemn the religion, I cannot but love many of the professors of it. There are few authors whom I read with greater delight, as you know, than Pascal and Fenelon. The one is all reason and the other all love."

"How happened it, my dear," she asked, "that such men as these never discovered the defects of their religion?"

"They never suffered themselves," he answered "to look at its defects. Their unbounded rever-

ence for the Priest did not permit them to use their own judgment in opposition to his." Her own unbounded reverence for one particular Priest made this answer at once intelligible and decisive with the old lady. He added, "I feel disposed to condemn the temper of the present age as it respects Popery in two points. In one party, there is too little dislike of the religion."

"In another, too little charity for some of those who hold it. I acknowledge, for instance, that Popery has some things in it not likely to inspire loyalty for a protestant sovereign, or patriotism to a heretical country. But still I believe there are many papists both loyal and patriotic. Their very refusal to take our oaths, inclines me to hope that they respect an oath. And their refusal to part with any title of their own faith for a desirable end gives some promise, I think, that they will not maintain that faith by wrong means."

"Would you, then," she asked, "have voted for Catholic emancipation?"

"The country," he answered, "has nothing either to hope or fear from my vote. And in this instance, as in all others, I rejoice that she has wise counsellors. But this I will say to you," and smiling, as if at an old friend, "to my cushion here

who has listened to all my poor sayings, with extraordinary patience for above half a century,—that, whilst I like the concessions, I tremble at the ground on which the Catholics ask them. They claim them as a right; and I could grant them only as a favour; and, therefore, under present circumstances, not at all. Admit them to be a right, and the Catholics have the same right to ask for a Popish King and Church. Consider them as a favour, and then we may stop at the point of danger. And sure I am, my love, I should not be so anxious to discover that point as to be likely to stop too soon. Governments may easily be too shortsighted in discovering the limits at which toleration should cease. This error I would anxiously avoid. I desire to see the edifice of our constitution last as long as the rocks by which we are surrounded; and, for this purpose, I would inscribe on its walls the sacred name of that ‘Charity’ which ‘*never faileth.*’”

“But, my dear, do you not think the character of Popery improved?”

“Not so much as I had hoped. There is however, one circumstance which promises a great improvement in our own country—I mean the universal diffusion of the Bible. It is like letting

in the sun upon the owls and bats. Popery has perhaps, too much affinity with the corruption of our nature to die a natural death, but, I begin to hope it may be suffocated by the Bible."

"Suppose, my love," said the old lady, to whom the mere name of the Bible always suggested her own duties with regard to it, "we now read our own chapter and go to bed." They did read their chapter, and rose from it, as I have heard them say they always did, loving God and one another even better than they did before.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning our aged minister rose early, and perhaps the reader may think, immediately resumed his seat with the darling manuscript in his hand. But no. It was a rule with him always to follow up his morning petitions to his Father in Heaven by resuming the study of that blessed book with which he had closed the day. After this he called together his small circle of grey-headed servants to join him in devout supplication for blessings on his family and upon the world. Then he broke

fasted. Then, chiefly, though not exclusively, by devout reading, he laid up materials for the sermon of the next Sunday. Then he visited, perhaps, some cottages in his village, instructed the ignorant, rebuked the careless, or bound up the wounds of the broken hearted; and taught them, without appealing to his own case, though no one who saw him could help making the application, how '*happy* is the people who have the Lord for their God.'—I will not say, however, that he did not shorten some of his other employments, and particularly a little argument with a farmer about the exact amount of his tithes, to return to the manuscript. At length the venerable couple seated themselves, much in the same form as before, and he began to read.

‘The Clerk, Sir, had no sooner shaken hands with the Verger, and both with the Beadle, than they all hobbled to the belfry, seized, as by a sort of impulse, all the ropes, and shook with the notes of acclamation every stone in the steeple. I am willing to hope it was not so much because they had lost the old Queen, as because they had got a new one. However that might be, all the churches followed our example. It was a sort of general jubilee. The ceremony of a coronation was almost

superfluous; for the queen was already enthroned in the hearts of the people. Indeed, it was next to a miracle, what with bonfires and fireworks, that the people in their zeal for church and queen, did not fire all the churches in the country, and burn the Queen in her bed. And now, Sir, let me tell you of my good fortune. The queen herself, with her Court, came to that very church of which I had the honour to be the Cushion, to give thanks for the rescue of herself and, country. I believe such a Te Deum was scarcely ever sung. Gratitude, love, loyalty, 'bowed the heart of the people as the heart of one man.'

"O," said our old divine, "how I should have rejoiced to have been there!"

"I rejoice, my love," said the old lady, who saw, at a glance, that he could not have been both a church with the Queen, and in the vicarage with herself, "I can truly say, that you were not there. He resumed his reading.

'I will not detain you, Sir, with minutely stating the occurrences of the day. The Queen, think, must have learned two lessons—to value love of her people—and to feel how strong a tie, and how sure a way to that love, are supplied the profession and maintenance of true reli-



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I have seen enough to convince me, that the people of this country, though loyally blind for a time to the faults of their King, yet never love even a king long, if he does not deserve to be loved. I now go on to tell you about the changes which soon took place. The holy water and tapers, and oil, all vanished; and, never hearing any thing of them in the Bible, I was glad they were gone. I was pleased, however, to see that there was no impatience to get rid of old things, if either good in themselves, or if a good reason could be found for keeping them. Some of the finery, indeed, was removed from the church, and I myself was stripped of some mock jewellery, originally worked into my corners; but, I declare that I think both the church and its Cushion looked the better for their deprivations. I observed, also, that the little confession boxes were nailed up, which, by the bye, deprived me of a source of daily amusement, and of much information, given by some of the Confessionists about the faults of their neighbours.—In the liturgy, though many alterations were made, the same dislike of unnecessary change was observable. They prayed no longer, indeed, either to the Virgin or to the Saints. But they seemed rejoiced to continue the worship of God himself in the language of their

fathers. Prayers you know, Sir, many of which were inherited from almost the first christians, could not spoil by merely passing through the hands of the Pope. But I was chiefly struck with the change in the doctrine of the preachers. Before, the preaching was rare, and I used chiefly to hear of the merits of the Saints—of the happiness of those who bought with money an interest in those merits—of works of supererogation, and of purgatory. I do not say I heard nothing better than this. Some who wandered farther from Popery, in my judgment, kept nearer to the Bible. But I mean to say that, thus preached many of the clergy; and thus did I, and most of the multitude below me, understand them. Now, however, Sir, I perceived, as I said, a great change; and, that I may not detain you too long, I will only state the three doctrines which, as by a sort of resurrection, started up from the grave of Popery, and appeared to all the city. The reformers taught that man was a fallen creature—that he could be acquitted before God only through a reliance in Christ,—and lastly, that God, by his Holy Spirit, could alone give him a new heart, and fit him for the kingdom of Heaven. These, Sir, are your own doctrines, and I the rather state them to you, because I know you will

rejoice to find that you are preaching those doctrines proclaimed by your ancestors under the axe of the executioner.' This was almost too much for our good Vicar. If there was a wish of his heart, it was to know that his doctrines were cast in the mould of the reformation. A tear rolled down his manly cheek,—but it was not a tear of grief—for, at the conclusion of this paragraph, he emphatically exclaimed, "thank God!"—and she who felt all his mercies to be her own—said, "Amen!"

He read on. 'The divines of those days,' continued the manuscript, 'differed considerably from some good men now. And, if you will not think me tedious, I will state the nature of *this difference*. Your ancestors, then, Sir, dwelt more on those important doctrines in which all agreed, and less on those minuter points, such as Calvinism and Arminianism, on which some of them differed.

They preached less controversially and more practically. Those Homilies, Sir, of which I have heard you read some to your flock, are an excellent sample of the divinity of the day of their birth. When I hear them, I almost fancy some of my first friends risen from their graves again. There may be less head in them than in the more

systematic divinity of your day; but there is more heart, more of the careless beauty of Scripture, more of 'the brave neglect,' which characterises the noble enthusiasm of Saints and Martyrs.—But I perceive that I am beginning to indulge in that garrulity so general with the old in praising old times, and therefore, I will say no more on this subject."

"I wish it had said as much again on the subject," said the old gentleman.—

"I wish it had," echoed his lady,—“and I should say of its garrulity what you remember our good old king (God bless him) said to a writer who apologised for having written *so much*—‘I should have thought so too, Sir, if you had not written so well.’ The Vicar was as much pleased with this compliment to his Cushion, as if it had been to himself; and, though he had heard the story at least a hundred times, thought he had never heard it so well applied before.—He read on.—

‘Things, however, were too good to last. I soon perceived, even at church, some persons who treated all ceremonies and forms with a sort of suspicion. They seemed to expect Popery to start from behind them. At length the friends of the Establishment began to notice the subject in

their sermons—to decry rashness and enthusiasm—to speak of a new discipline fished up from the lake of Geneva—to contend that the opposite extreme from Popery was as bad as Popery itself. I have heard Hooker* himself—’ (“Hooker!” said the old gentleman, and almost leapt from his seat) ‘denounce the rising spirit of disaffection to Church and State,—which, ‘though now (he said) a mere cloud in the horizon, would soon darken the face of the heavens.’ But he prophesied in vain. The tumult increased. And I grieve to

* *The accuracy of the Author’s assertion of the Calvinism of Hooker having been questioned by some of his readers, he begs to add, in confirmation of this statement, the following passage, taken, almost at random, from a Sermon, whose very title (“Of the certainty and perpetuity of Faith in the Elect,”) is almost demonstrative of his Calvinism:—*

“Their faith (says this illustrious divine) when it is at strongest, is but weak; yet, even then, when it is at the weakest, so strong, that utterly it never faileth, it never perisheth altogether, no, not in them who think it extinguished in themselves.”—Oxford Edit. Vol. 3, p. 526.

say, that the effect of the spirit of disaffection upon the staunch Churchman was not such as to allay the heat. Disgusted with the rash foes to Popery, they somewhat lessened their hostility to that religion. Elizabeth herself, began to regard the two extremes of Puritanism and Popery with equal dislike. Her successor, James, scarcely hated Popery—And Charles the First, perhaps, preferred it.' At this sentence our venerable divine sighed, and for a moment, felt displeased with his velvet memorialist. If he had a prejudice in the world it was in favour of the first Charles. It arose partly from his love of royalty,—partly from his father having, though he had carefully shut up the rest of Hume, given him, when a boy, those few exquisite pages to read, in which he records the death of the King,—partly from a slight infusion of Scotch blood in his veins,—partly from the virtues, especially of the latter part of the life of Charles, and the terrors of his death, which have invested him with a species of martyrdom in the eyes of Englishmen. I have some times suspected also, that an exquisite portrait of Charles, by Vandyke, which had descended in the old gentleman's family, and always hung in his study, had a little to do with this feeling. So ample a

forehead, so meek a smile, so pensive an eye, could not surely belong to a bad man.—But whatever might be the source of his prejudice, certain it is, that he felt it. When, therefore, he came to this sentence, he stopped, shut the manuscript, took a few turns in the room looked at his picture, and, at length, gravely said,—“ I do not like to serve our kings like those of Egypt, and bring them to judgment after their death. That poor Scotch minister had a kinder heart, who, though he loathed Queen Mary living, said, when his brethren, after her death, were emptying the vials of their hatred upon her,—‘ Nay, bury her, for she is a King’s daughter.’ The temptations of Kings excuse many of their faults in my eyes.”

“ You and I, my love,” said his wife, “ have often thanked God that our temptations were so few. But had Charles any great faults ?”

“ One of the greatest,” he replied, “ was, perhaps, that of surrounding his person with dissolute men, that, in the hour of his calamity, few good ones dared to trust him.—But his misfortunes I think were greater than his faults. I am surprised men are not disposed more to pity and love, than to condemn him.”

“ You, my dear,” she said, “ love every body.”

"Seventy years acquaintance with myself," he answered, "has taught me that it becomes us not anxiously to search out each others nakedness,—but rather to approach the faults of others backwards, and throw the mantle over them."

"I think my dear," she said, the "picture seems to cast an eye of reproach upon that page of the manuscript."—

"I think it does," he answered, "and so, perhaps, we had better turn to another." They accordingly did, and read as follows.

CHAPTER V.

'As I have already hinted at the spirit of the Church, and at that of the enemies of the church, in the days just after Queen Elizabeth, I will now pass them over, and hasten forward to a period most important to myself and to the nation. One morning, almost before sun rise, I saw a band of soldiers enter the church. They were strange-looking men, with hair cut short and round ed,—dealt much in scriptural language, often metaphorically, and as often inaccurately used. They

frequently denounced Church and King. On a sudden I was confounded to hear a man, who looked like a serjeant, give the word, and the band flew to work. In a moment they broke down the rails of the altar, beheaded a fine Magdalen, put the silver chalice and candlesticks into their pockets, bayoneted a surplice, fastened the vicar's band upon a great black dog, which had followed them into the church, dashed the Common Prayer Book through a fine painted window,—and at last mounted, I tremble while I tell it, the pulpit, and the serjeant himself, with one end of his halbert, cut away my lace and tassels, and with the other ran me through the bowels.' "True, I declare, my dear," said the old gentleman; "for see here the two holes made by the sacrilegious instrument,—holes of which you know how perplexed I have often been to discover the origin." "Holes" she replied, "which I darned for the third time so carefully last Candlemas." "Holes," said he, "which I always deemed the disgrace of the establishment, but which henceforward I shall charge upon their puritan authors." In short, fifty years had associated so many circumstances with these holes in the cushion, that it was a considerable time before they could get back to the cushion

itself. At length, however, he read on.—‘ I need not say, Sir, that this rough treatment gave me no prejudice in favour of the new governors, in Church and State. Nor, indeed, can I, to this moment, comprehend how either beheading the king, or perforating a cushion, could have any necessary connection with the Reformation of Religion. But still, Sir, indiscriminate censure of the Puritans would be highly unjust. The first of the race were considerably the best. They were men who had little, perhaps, to condemn in them, except a superstitious alarm at Popery. Their doctrines were in general pure,—their practice correct, and some of them were not merely among the best Christians, but the finest gentlemen of the day. And many such individuals were to be found among those to whom this name was given, even in the worst times—men who ought never to be confounded with the enthusiasts of their day. In the times of the usurpation, indeed, when religion became a step to court favor,—when the motto of the day, was ‘ the praise of God in our mouth, and a two-edged sword in our hand,’—when insurrection against established authority was placed among the virtues,—when learning was too often considered as a dead weight round the neck of religion, and no man was deemed



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ed fit to mount a pulpit who could not first make one when the fine arts, and all other sources of harmless refreshment were proscribed—then, many on whom the name of Puritan was bestowed, deserved it, to say the least, as little as any of their cotemporaries. The Royalists, though many of them without religion, generally retained the form. Some, though by no means all, of the latter class of Puritans, had neither form nor religion.’—
“Is not that a little harsh, my love?” said the old lady.

“It may be so,” answered he, “But, to be sure, the times were truly awful. In common times men sin against their principles, and then one hopes their principles may mend them. But some of these men rebelled upon principle,—shed royal blood for conscience sake. What therefore could mend them?”

“*You*,” she replied, if they “could have heard your last sermon on peace of conscience.”—How far the Vicar agreed with his lady, it is impossible to say, as he said nothing himself, but read on.

“I cannot help thinking,” said the old gentleman after a pause, “that their scheme of religion, in some instances, spoiled their tempers. I do indeed heartily commend their abstinence from vi-

cious or dissipating amusements. But surely, cheerfulness is not a crime. That God who is 'Our Father,' must love to see his creatures happy. If, then, instead of perpetual fasting and 'will worship,' they had gone abroad among the glories of nature,—if even they had refreshed their spirits by a commerce with science and art, I think, by the mercy of God, they would have become happier themselves, and therefore less jealous of the happiness of others. They would have shaken off the dew of their own comforts on all around them." Whilst he said this, his lady, as if to illustrate his argument, was straining her eyes and muscles to release a fly, which had audaciously leapt into the cream pot. She was so happy herself, she would not willingly suffer even a fly to be miserable. He began once more to read.

'As, Sir, I once had the honour of seeing a Queen at church, so now I had my curiosity gratified by a sight of the Protector. He had a peculiar countenance, and might, perhaps, have sat with equal propriety for the portrait of an enthusiast, or an hypocrite.'

"Is not that impossible?" asked the old lady.

"Not at all," replied the Vicar. "Men often



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deceive others till they learn to deceive themselves."

"But let us proceed—"

'He was evidently in a state of much perturbation—wore a sort of armour under his coat, and seemed to look at every man as an enemy. Nothing seemed to give him any satisfaction, till the preacher said, that 'Men once in a state of grace could never fall away.' His complacent smile at that moment, seemed to shew that he deemed himself to have been in that state.'

"Surely," said the old lady, "either he was mistaken, or the doctrine is false."

Now, of all things in the world, our good Vicar disliked peremptory decisions upon important subjects. He did not pretend to see quite as far and as clearly as some of his neighbours. Indeed, he thought the Bible itself not quite so decided about Calvinism and Arminianism, as many of the readers of the Bible would pretend, and used to say, "I think half the Bible would have suited Calvin or Arminius much better than the whole." A great text with him was, "Secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but the things that are revealed belong to us and our children, that we may do them." And a favorite question to himself, when any difficulties

doctrines. I am not at all sure, for instance, that it is not a presumptuous reliance upon the goodness of God ; or in other words, an abuse of the doctrine of Divine mercy, that has kept me at home to day, when I should have gone to visit old Dame Wilkins."

"What, my dear," said she, "do you think the best means of checking in one self the abuse of good doctrines?"

"Prayer to God," he answered, "in the first instance—next to that, good practice. In general, our lives ruin our doctrines. And so; my dear, let us go to Mary Wilkins directly." Her bonnet was soon on, and they hobbled down the village almost as fast as if their house had been on fire. Mary Wilkins was a poor, good old woman, whom the Vicar's visit three times a week, had become almost one of the necessities of life. It was now two hours beyond the time he usually came, and had she been awake, she would really have been pained by the delay. But, happily, she had fallen into a profound sleep, and when he put his foot on the threshold, and in his old-fashioned way said "Peace be with you," she was just awaking. This comforted our good old man, and, as he well

knew where all comfort comes from, he thanked God in his heart even for this.



CHAPTER VI.

THE venerable couple had seated themselves to tea,—the lady, in spite of her lord's decided preference for green, had dexterously slipped in, for the sake of his nerves, an undue proportion of black, the old sofa was wheeled round, the fire stirred, Shock had leaped up into a vacant chair, the candles were trimmed, and, in short, all was prepared for the resumption of his reading between every cup and mouthful, when a neighbour entered the room. He was an erect sort of personage, something like the pictures one occasionally sees of a cavalier; a resemblance of which, perhaps, he was proud, as he was said to plead a distant relationship to the Stuarts themselves. At all events, he was an enthusiastic lover of the family; more than equalling our Vicar in his attachment to the first Charles, and far transcending him, which indeed, was a matter of no difficulty, in his attachment to the second. The old gentleman, who was now ten times more occupied with his Cushion than ever, at once broke ground upon his favourite

topic, told his visitor all the story,—the substance of what he had read, the exact quantity he had read, and, finally, begged to know if he was disposed to partake first of some tea, and then of the richer feast prepared for him in the precious memoir. The visitor, as the memoir had reached the precise period which he deemed most worthy of notice, and of which, indeed, he himself, but for an unaccountable habit of bad spelling, had often conceived a wish to write the history,—at once consented. Behold, then, the due preliminaries of bread and butter being settled, the three seated to their interesting employment and the old gentleman as happy as a king, I mean as a good king, begin to read.

‘I confess that, neither what I saw of the Protector at church, or heard of him from my loquacious friends the Sexton and Clerk, was calculated to destroy the remembrance of my personal indignities, or to conciliate my esteem for the author of them. Cromwell was a person in whom, unhappily, great talents and great vices met together,—a ‘bold bad man!’’

“Very just, I am sure,” said the visitor, and took off his other glove, which before, as if doubtful about staying, he had kept in his hand.

“I fear it is just,” said the charitable Vicar ; “but let us hope that he did not mean to be as wicked as he seems. He was after all an enthusiast ; and, in such men, the head is generally the dupe of the heart.” The visitor thought as many other people will think, the Vicar’s charity much misplaced ; but he let him read on.

‘At length, sir, to my astonishment, I heard, in a whisper from the Reader to the Clerk, that the Protector had suddenly sickened ; and in spite of the prophecies of some pseudo religious quacks, about him, had died. And I cannot say but that, if I had thought him better prepared for so awful a change, I should have cordially joined in the general rejoicing. It was forcibly said of him, that he was one of those men who whenever they die, die for the good of their country.’

“That,” said the Vicar drily, “must depend on the character of his successor.”

Here the visitor began to chafe a little ; but the old gentleman had so much of what is called *bon-homme* about him, and said his hardest things so very softly, that it was impossible to be really angry with him. He read again.

‘I pass over the momentary reign of his son, who being fitter for a country gentleman than a sove-

reign, had the good sense to make the discovery, and the honesty to lay down a sceptre, which he had neither right nor ability to wield. And this was a small part of his praise. He lived without reproach or even suspicion from the reigning family; and went down to his grave, at near ninety, rich in all those hopes and joys denied to many kings and to all usurpers.—Let us pass on, then, at once, to the days of Charles II. And here, Sir, I confess, that although I had seen two great national changes I was not prepared for what followed. The people were naturally very glad to see the King back. But how did they testify their joy. By the most extravagant excesses,—as if they wanted a King, merely for the illustrious privilege of breaking every law of God and man. If they had known that particular monarch better, they would have known, that there was only one man in the nation to whom he was disposed to grant this extraordinary indulgence.

‘Who was that?’ asked the old lady. Neither the visitor nor the Vicar thought fit to reply,—though, I suspect they had the most opposite answer upon their lips—the latter proceeded to read.

‘The Court took the lead in profligacy. And the multitude, a month since, to all appearance, a

nation of enthusiasts, were suddenly transmuted into a nation of drunkards and profligates. Some of those who had scarcely ceased to cry "Hosannah!" now cried, "Crucify him!" Excessive heat was chased, as it were, and expelled by excessive cold. I can fancy nothing like it.—

"Except," said the Vicar, whom his wife esteemed something of a wag, "a hail storm in the days." He then proceeded to read.

'You can scarcely conceive the change in the sermons.—For a long time I had discharged a very inferior office at church. For many of the Commonwealth preachers having a notion that words once impressed upon paper lost all their efficacy,—that what a man conceived in his study when he had time to pray and read, was necessarily bad,—and what he conceived in the pulpit where he had time for neither, was necessarily good,—had banished written sermons. So that my only function during this disastrous period, was to endure the lusty blows of certain ardent, but not very delicate fists; the weight of which, however I must say, more than compensated for every other subduction of labour. At length, the Restoration brought back written sermons. The character of the new sermons, however, I confess, did not please

me. The resolution apparently taken by the royalists, was first, to do all that the republicans had left undone : and secondly, to leave undone all they had done. Now, if no particle of truth had mixed up with their errors, this rule would have been wise. But as their system included a remarkable mixture of truth and error, nothing could be more mischievous.'

"It was," said the Vicar, "inflicting upon religion something like the Roman punishment of tying a man to an ape, and casting both together into the Tiber."

The visitor, whom I shall hereafter call the Cavalier, since he had the look and mind of one, liked neither the remark nor the simile, both of which he deemed too honourable to Puritanism—and taking the glove again from his pocket, drew it on. Something also he said gruffly and indistinctly; but the Vicar not liking the tone in which he spoke, thought even his own voice pleasanter than this, and therefore began to read again. 'Henceforward, Sir, with some honorable exceptions however, we heard little of Christ, and faith, and conversion; for which words were substituted, Socrates, reason, and moderation; as if sound doctrines were not the best security for good sense and sobriety. Such indeed, was for a time the neglect of the funda-

mental principles of religion, that I am persuaded a good heathen, coming to church, might, except, indeed on the festivals have often concluded himself in his own temple. True doctrine was out of fashion with the nation, and good morals unpalatable to the King.'

"What King could that be?" said the old lady; one of whose little frailties was to ask unlucky questions.

"I am quite sure," said the Vicar, whose peculiar art it was to evade these questions—"it was not George the Third."

"It must be Louis the XIVth said the Visitor.

"Perhaps," replied the Vicar, "if we read on, we shall hear." And accordingly he read on.

"I have been much struck, Sir, in my long life, with one circumstance, that whenever the monarch of any country was either arbitrary or licentious, and the people began to slide into the immoralities of the court, the great doctrines of the Gospel became unpopular, and certain features of Popery began to discover themselves in the national religion. And so it was, to a great extent, now. Pomp grew, and devotion languished. Violent assaults were made on the sanctity of the Sabbath. The Saints did not indeed again take possession of

the vacant niches, nor the Pope come over to be crowned—transubstantiation, and purgatory were also abjured—but what may be called the genius of Popery, I mean—the form without the spirit of religion, presided too often in the pulpit, and at the altar. It was a more subtle Popery—Popery in a mask—Popery like an Italian assassin, doing its work, without shewing its face.

‘But, Sir, I had not much leisure to speculate upon the state of things in the Establishment ; for, one Wednesday evening on which day, after morning prayers, I had always been allowed to be at rest in my box, I found myself suddenly in the gripe of a new rector of the parish, who, casting me, somewhat contemptuously, my stabbed side uppermost, on the vestry table (if the old Vicar had worn a sword, I am sure he would at this moment have laid his hand upon the hilt of it,) in a loud tone said to the circle of eager vestrymen around him, ‘There, gentlemen, judge for yourselves—is such a cushion worthy of such a Church.’ ‘Or,’ said an upholsterer, who hoped to be called upon to supply a new cushion, ‘of such a Clergyman?’ ‘Surely,’ observed a laceman, ‘it would do well enough with new lace and tassels.’ ‘Certainly,’ said a dyer, ‘if it were only cleaned and dyed.’ But, as there chanced to be more than one of a

trade in the vestry—as a mere repair would not answer the upholsterer's purpose, nor new lace the dyers, it was determined to make a grace of a necessity, and generously to comply with the Clergyman's wish. My dismissal was accordingly agreed upon, noted, and signed in the vestry book, and an order given for another. I accordingly became the perquisite of the pew opener, and will now proceed to tell you what use he made of his new possession.'

"If it had been hanged, drawn, and quartered," said the now bursting Visitor, "it was far too happy a fate for it. Is not the memoir downright Puritanism and treason, from beginning to end?"

"If it was, Sir," said the Vicar calmly, "it should be cut into thread-papers to-morrow. But, on the contrary, it has personal reasons—see there, Sir, (pointing to the lacerated side of the Cushion) for disliking Puritanism—

'Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through,
'See what a rent the envious Casca made.'

"And as for loyalty, why, Sir, I hope I may venture to say that I am a loyal man. There hangs a king, (pointing to his darling picture) whose head I would willingly, notwithstanding



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his faults, have laid my own on the block." The old Lady absolutely groaned out at the terrible vision her Lord had conjured up—"but, I must say, that by somewhat unequal distribution, he seems to have had all the virtue of the family. It was just like the old peach tree in the garden, my love, where, as you well know, all the sap has run to one branch. Of what, Sir, in Charles II." continued he, "can we speak favourably? Of his religion?" "No," said the Visitor, who was at the bottom a conscientious man. "Of his morals?" "No." "Of his politics?" "No." "Of his good old English spirit?" "No." "Well, then, since we can say nothing good of him, we had better," added the kind old gentleman, "say nothing at all. If, Sir, I had caught him sleeping in the cave of Makkedah, I would not have rudely touched even the skirt of his garment, but I would have gently jogged his Majesty when thus slumbering over his own interests, and those of his country, and have said to him, 'Sire, the crown of England will be a crown of thorns to any man who wears it without deserving it. Political compacts vanish away, but the title of a good king is registered in heaven, and stamped on the hearts of his people.'"

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"Perhaps, my love," said the old Lady, "if any one had said this to him, he would have been reclaimed."

"Let us hope so," said her lord, "and just touch for a moment on another topic noticed in the memoir. Did you not notice the hints given there of a revival of Popery?"

"To be sure, and that it always appeared when any other form or system of religion disappeared."

"Like rats," said the Vicar, who, it seems, had got up in a humour for similes, "like rats in an empty house."

"Sir," said the Visitor, who combined an absolute antipathy for Popery with a profound respect for a kind of Protestantism not much unlike it, "I can see nothing like Popery in the religion of the days of Charles the Second."

"Now for my part," answered the Vicar, "I see something like it in the religion of all days. Popery seems to me the religion of human nature. It is the weed which both springs up wherever the soil is uncultivated, and endeavours to choke whatever is sown. The Pope is a mere man, who endeavours to add temporal to spiritual power, and to get both into his own hands. People have talked of Popes Wesley and Whitfield, and they

with many others, are proofs, perhaps, that you may have Popes without tiaras."

"And what is Popery?" asked the old Lady.

"The religion of forms," answered the Vicar, "a sort of pantomime; where much waste to be done by dumb shew."

"But," asked the Visitor, who knowing the Vicar's strict adherence to the rites of his own Church, and his almost superstitious reverence for it, thought he had here caught him tripping, "do you, then, despise forms?"

"Far from it," replied the Vicar, "I never yet saw, nor expect to see, religion survive, their destruction. But, because I cannot walk without my old stick, I do not mistake it for my legs,—nor, because I cannot preach without my cushion here, and do perhaps think all my sermons somewhat the better for it, do I yet mistake it for a sermon."

"If you had, my love," said his lady who deemed the bare comparison of the best of sermons to a cushion, little short of impiety, "you would make a greater mistake than any ever you made in your life." And, as the Visitor had not always found the said sermons quite as composing and comfortable as the image would imply, he heartily assented to this declaration.

"Upon the whole," said the Vicar, "I seem, as I said, to see Popery enter whenever the door is not barred by the treble bolt of a humble, practical, devout spirit. I can sometimes see it, as it were, lurking in the broad-brimmed hat of a Quaker, in the smooth silk hat of a Methodist, in the cant language of some other sectaries; and, finally, to see it, sometimes where I would least of all wish to see it, at the font, and the altar of our own truly spiritual Church."

"In what cases?" asked the Visitor.

"When," replied the old gentleman, "the priests or the people imagine that the mere rite supersedes real vital religion in the heart of the worshipper."

"I fear," said the visitor, "I have something of Popery running in my own veins."

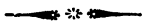
"That very fear," said the Vicar, "will by the divine blessing carry off the disease." And then he caught him tenderly by the hand. "Do not think," said he, "that I led intentionally the conversation to this issue; but, as Providence has conducted us to this point, let us make the best use of your circumstances. I do think, you have named your chief fault. The correctness of your life, your zeal for the Church, your integrity, your benevo-

lence, have long made me love you, and feel ashamed of myself—and I have often said, but ‘One thing lackest thou yet.’ Seek, dear Sir, to add the spirit to the form of religion—bring fire to your altar—put the soul into the act—and then I shall be as inferior to you in devotion, as I have long been in every thing else. I am your shepherd, Sir, but the sheep often knows his way to the best pastures better than his shepherd. Happy, most happy shall I be, to tread in your steps.”

There was something in this honest, simple, pastoral address of the good Vicar, that sunk to the very heart of his Visitor. He lifted his handkerchief to his face as if to weep—but, as the old Lady at almost the same moment observed, “how much these wood fires affect the eyes;” and he and the Vicar assented to it—this might possibly be the cause. A few moments afterwards, however, when they were gone out of the room, with eyes full of tears he exclaimed, “I have drawn nigh to thee with my lips, but my heart was far from thee.”

The same gentleman died two years afterwards, and this codicil was found to his will—“I leave to the Vicar of ——— in ———, my Baskett’s Bible and Prayer Book, as a testimony of gratitude for his having first taught me to use them both as I

ought." The old Vicar keeps them in a choice corner of his library ; and his Lady, in gentle disobedience to his orders, will, when he is absent, tell the story, and look a little proud of her husband. This, however, the less signifies, as I am quite sure he was not proud of himself.



CHAPTER VII.

THE Vicar, however, though not proud of himself, was proud of his cushion, and therefore felt too much anxiety to know its history, after its expulsion from the establishment, not to seat himself to his memoir as early as he conscientiously could.— Having entered on his task, he read as follows :—

‘ I confess, Sir, such is the love of novelty, and so heartily tired was I of the cold blooded divines of the days of Charles and James, that I was not very sorry to find the hour of my dismissal arrive. As I traversed the streets under the arms of one of the pew-openers, I indulged in many flattering visions as to my future life. Who could say—Cromwell had risen to the throne, and why should not I become the cushion of the Crown itself—get into Parliament, or carry the mace of the Speaker—or,

if unable to reach those honours with which I was acquainted, attain to some unknown dignities?—No one, I believe, expects to be injured by a change of circumstances. But, Sir, imagine my horror, in the midst of these fairy dreams, to be plumped down on the counter of a shop, adorned without by the sign of three golden balls, and which I soon found to be the shop of a pawnbroker. He received me, most carefully examined me, and having scrupulously pointed out those blemishes with which alas! the vender was too familiar, bought me for ten shillings. Then having fixed to me a ticket, marked one pound, and so situated as exactly to conceal the mutilated part, he exalted me, among many other pieces of reduced finery, to the windows. Here, although my ancient splendour was somewhat in eclipse, enough remained to attract the eye of many a passenger. Multitudes eyed, felt, and measured me, but all thought me too dear. But for this circumstance, I was once on the brink of being translated to a Jewish synagogue. Once had I been an inch larger, the dowager of a baronet would have bought me for a lap-dog. Once the manager of a country theatre coveted me (for these gentlemen are apt to think little of breaking a commandment,) for the council scene

in Cato. At length, an elder of a dissenting gregation, having been delegated by his bret to the important office of introducing a cushion a pulpit, hitherto unpolluted by such velvet ties, took courage, put me into a hackney co and laid me in triumph, once more upon a v table.

‘I soon found where I was. Indeed the of the Protector had both given me some acquance with my new friends, and left me, notwithstanding the real worth, piety, and talents of many of them, without any partiality for their tem. However, as it is the duty of cushion well as men to be contented, I endeavoured to concile myself to my new situation. But, in Sir, this was not easy. For to past were a new injuries. That irreverence for cushion which I carried such evidence on my muti side, was scarcely less felt in these days than those of the Puritans. As I once said that the cushion of a Catholic was venerable in his so, if you can believe me, it seemed almost a ter of indifference to some of my new proprie whether I was trampled or preached upon.’

“My dear,” said the Vicar, quickened to remark, perhaps, by his almost superstitious r

ence for the cushion itself, "I venture to say this was wrong. Those who insult, or even neglect the forms of religion, are in imminent peril of learning to despise religion itself. A man who laughed at my surplice, would soon laugh at me." The old lady, as the surplice happened to be the work of her own hands, was marvellously sensible of the force of this illustration, and almost wondered that a world should survive in which men were found to laugh at either. The old gentleman proceeded to read—"when I arrived, Sir, the elders of the Congregation happened to be assembled to sit in judgment upon the character of their minister, against whom I found capital misdemeanours were alleged. He was charged with preaching a written sermon—with wishing for a service on Christmas-day—with prefacing a sermon with the Lord's Prayer—with suggesting the propriety of kneeling in prayer. From the tone of authority assumed by the judges, I soon discovered that they, and not he, were the real ministers of the chapel. He was a sort of organ, of which they were to change the barrel, fill the pipes and manage the keys at their pleasure.

"So greatly are both the spirit and the taste of the dissenters improved in our days," said the Vicar, "that such innovations would now be ap-

plauded by many, and perhaps forgiven by all.— But this interference with their ministers is inseparable from their system ; and in my mind constitutes a great objection to it. I hope I am not proud, my love.” “ I am *sure* you are not,” said she—“ But,” continued he, “ I should almost as soon lay down my office as my independence. I now mount my pulpit as an ambassador from heaven to earth—have no reason for fear, and no temptation to flatter. I strike at the vices of my parish, and strike the harder as I know them to be the more prevalent. As far as I can see, this dissenting minister was meant for a more independent church. But let us read on.”

‘ After a sitting of a few hours, the conclave rose, but not till, after much warm discussion, a resolution had been passed to dismiss the minister.’

“ Like children,” said the Vicar, “ throwing their physic out of window.”

‘ Here (he proceeded to read) I supposed the matter would have ended ; but I then knew little of the facility of separation when the habit is once formed. The key-stone of unity once removed, the building shivers at a mere touch. The very next day the minority determined to secede with



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their ejected minister ; and, within six months, a new chapel frowned upon the old one from the opposite side of the street : and before the plaister was yet dry, the rheumatic congregation listened to the history of their neighbour's intolerance.'

"My love," said the generous Vicar, "this must be a little highly coloured. Our friend here, you must remember, is very high Church. At least, whatever may be the tendency of dissent, this is not, I should imagine, its general history. But let us go on."

'I, as you may suppose, Sir, continued with the old congregation, the new one not being ripe for any such extravagancies. Nor, indeed, was I any great favourite here. I did hear it whispered, that "I should never have been introduced but for an ill-tempered remark, made upon the chief member of the congregation, as he rolled past in a remarkably well-cushioned carriage—about the 'ark of God dwelling in tents.' Here, however, I was placed : and to show you what use I made of my circumstances, I will give you a very slight sketch of our congregation and ministers during the time I stayed.

'I found that the chapel had been erected at a period when the clergyman of the parish happened

to love sporting far better than preaching. The people, who, however wanting in religion themselves, quickly perceive any deficiency in their clergy, soon quitted the Church. And as the dissenting minister preached orthodox doctrines in a spiritual and zealous manner; as moreover, for a time, the service was accommodated to their taste by the introduction of a large proportion of the Church prayers—the wandering flock sought food in these new pastures. And in the first instance, much general good appeared to arise from the exchange. Many of the ignorant were taught, many of the profligate reclaimed—and many of the miserable comforted. During this period, the mass of the congregation were poor. Soon, however, some of the poor becoming rich, obtained an ascendancy in the congregation, and finding some an orthodox, and others a practical religion, troublesome to them—ejected, first one minister, and then another, as contending parties prevailed;—oscillating for a long time between an Antinomian and a Socinian. For a long time the struggle was doubtful; but, at length, as the weight of influence lay on the side of the Socinians, heterodoxy prevailed. One consequence of this was, that the piety and morals of the pulpit both declined. The

next was, that the congregation declined as fast as the doctrines. Socinianism thinned it like the plague. And at last, except that I, and an old man and woman, who were stone deaf, remained, the words, 'my brethren' were absolutely superfluous.'

"My love," said the Vicar,—“this fact is worth a thousand arguments.—‘The common people heard (Christ) gladly.’ Socinianism never fails to drive them away. A religion without a Saviour is the temple without the Shechinah, and its worshippers will all desert it. Few men in the world have less pretensions as a preacher than myself—my voice, my look, my manner, all—”

“All excellent,” said she.—“All of a very ordinary nature,” said he, “and yet I thank God, here is scarcely a corner of our little Church, where you might not find a streaming eye, or a beating heart. The reason is—that I speak of Christ; and if there is not a charm in the word, here is the train of fears, and hopes, and joys, which it carries along with it. The people feel, and then they must listen.”

The old Lady, though she widely differed from the Vicar, as to his notion of his own voice and manner, quite sympathised with him in all his en-

thusiasm upon the glorious theme on which he had now entered. A humbler spirit scarcely ever breathed. This humility had carried her to the foot of the cross of Christ, and she seemed to stand there like one of the women who had followed him to his crucifixion. I have seen her hang upon her husband's lips, when he dwelt upon this topic, as if she was listening to the song of the angels—"to you is born this day, a Saviour, which is, Christ the Lord." In Church it was their darling theme—at home their continual feast. The sacred name of a Saviour never failed to quell a rising difference, to bind up a wound, to dry up a tear, to shed a sort of sunshine over all their prospects. I shall never forget the emphasis with which she replied to his last sentence—"Yes, my dear, *they* feel, and *I* feel, and if we did not all feel, the stones themselves would cry out. If my feelings ever languish, I call to mind our poor Catholic, who as you well remember, when her priest had prescribed some penance for her sins, after hearing you, burst into the vestry, crying, '*that*, is the Saviour I want.' We all want him and God be praised, we may all possess him." The old man's heart burned within him as she talked, and he now felt, what

indeed he had felt a thousand times, *why* he loved his wife.

“But,” said he, “to return to the memoir—what a striking history of dissent we have here.—In two or three generations, you see the orthodoxy of this chapel freezing into Socinianism. And this particular history would, I apprehend, serve for the history of some other Chapels. Socinianism or Arianism now it is to be feared, fills some of the pulpits once occupied by the Howes, Owens, or Baxters of other days. Could these holy men, and others of their company, return to earth, they would find their lamps burning, not always around those shrines where their hands had suspended them, but in the despised and deserted aisles of the establishment. The fastidious and innovating spirit of some of their followers soon spent itself. The fire burnt out, and often left behind it nothing but the ashes of infidelity. And the want of a fixed creed and articles, renders any recovery of their original zeal and principles very difficult. Rarely do we hear of their dead in faith walking again. In our Church, on the contrary, and in great part, by the influence of her formularies, the dead do walk. Within a century, religion has, as it were, sprung up from the grave in which she was partial-

ly entombed at the Restoration, and from whence many admirable men had long been endeavouring to raise her, and walks abroad in many of the cathedrals, churches, and colleges of the land. But, my dear, I am talking myself, when I had much better be reading the memoir." And so he took up the manuscript again, and read as follows :

‘ When I said, Sir, that religion flourished for a time in the congregation, I did not mean to say, that the religion, either in kind or in form, was quite to my taste—and you shall know why. In the first place, I seemed to perceive a want of solemnity in it. It had as much the air of a transaction between man and man, as between man and his God. A sort of unholy familiarity with divine things prevailed. Here many an Uzzah laid his hand upon the ark.’

“ And,” said the Vicar, “ if the men did not ‘ die’ for this unhallowed rashness, yet the system suffered for it. I believe nothing has injured the cause of dissent more.”

‘ Besides this,’ he proceeded to read, ‘ there was a want of majesty in the exterior worship of God. The church was too like a house. A kind of levelling spirit ran through every thing, which

denied even the King of Kings, the trappings of his throne, or the curtains of his sanctuary,

‘Then, again, there was a want of care to lend religion those human helps which are of such importance to her cause, especially in a civilized country. Some seemed to think that mere piety superseded every other quality in a minister;—and, thus, those were often employed to preach the Gospel who could scarcely read it.’

“Like Jeroboam,” said the Vicar, “who took of the lowest of the people, and made them priests of the Lord.”

“Unlike the spirit of the true religion,” said his lady, “which required the Jews to exclude every thing blemished from the altar.” The old gentleman had half a dozen more similes ready, but thought it best to read on.

‘They used, indeed, to justify the practice by a reference to the first teachers of the Gospel.—‘These were fishermen,’ they said, but then they forget they were inspired fishermen—fishermen endowed by miracle with a considerable acquaintance with many languages, and an accurate knowledge of their own—But, Sir, even these were not the worst defects. One capital blot in their public worship, a blot, I trust, no longer to be

found, was that, in some instances at least, they neglected to read the Scriptures.—Another great error was, their too low estimate of prayer.—They threw away your noble form of prayer, that the minister might pray as he pleased. The consequence was, that the people also heard as they pleased, which was often not at all. The minister prayed, and they looked about them.—Prayer with them, was a secondary object—the sermon, all in all.’

“As if,” said the Vicar, “God had said—‘My house shall be called a house of preaching,’ instead of ‘a house of prayer.’”

“Perhaps,” said the old lady, “no one has had stronger temptation than myself to prefer the preaching to the prayers: and yet, my dear, I can truly say, that take away the liturgy, the solemn moments of intercourse with heaven, the swell of united voices, and the concord of united hearts in prayer to God—take these away, and that bell which now so cheers my heart every Sunday morning, would lose half its charms for me.”

“True, my love,—all true,” said the Vicar, “with the exception of your praise of me—take away the spirit of prayer, and, though the materials or even the splendour of the temple remain,



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“the glory,” has “departed” from it. And the tendency of a liturgy, is to preserve this spirit.—It is chiefly on this account I love the church. It is on this account I believe the Ark of God to be safer in her hands than in any other. And such is my conviction of her superiority, that when I hear of the exultation of some good, though I humbly think, mistaken men, in the prospect of erecting dissent upon the ruins of the Establishment, I always think of the spectators of the second Jewish temple—the “people indeed, (the thoughtless and blind populace,) shouted for joy;” “but those who remembered the first temple—wept.”

“Such a change is too painful even to think of,” said the old lady, “and so, my dear, suppose you read on.”

He did—“I told you, Sir, that I was much given to reflection; and having had more leisure than most for indulging this propensity, I have found out more reasons for preferring an establishment than are generally noticed. Two of these, I will mention. In the first place, then, one great maxim of the dissenters is, ‘that every man must have entire liberty to worship God, as he pleases.’ Now, Sir, no dissenter is willing to give to every man that plenary indulgence. Nor, is it possible.—

Would he give it to an Atheist, who assisted in teaching his principles upon Westminster Bridge? or to any of those impostors who have called themselves Jesus Christ, and insisted upon divine honours being paid them?—Another favourite maxim of theirs is, ‘that no man should be made to pay for religious instruction *before* he himself desires to have it. This scheme seems to me to forget the corruption of human nature—for how few would pay for instruction, who were able to avoid paying. The establishment, on the contrary, remembers that man is fallen, forces him to provide the means, and trusts that the conversion may follow.’]

Here the old Vicar put down his paper to think of these arguments. What his Lady did, in the mean time, it is impossible to say. All I know is, that about half an hour after the time he may be supposed to have read this period, both were discovered by John, who, with some suspicion of the fact, looked gently in at the door, in a profound sleep. So he left them; and, as there is a break in the manuscript at this point, so will we leave them. Indeed, I do not know why any one should wish to disturb them. It was their high, though rare privilege, never to fall asleep without a well

founded hope that, if they never rose again in this world, they should awake in another and a happier. Surely, if many had such a hope, we should have more good sleepers in the world. And I firmly believe, that every other prescription to ensure good sleep is useless, till this is taken.

CHAPTER VIII.

How long the Vicar suffered under this infirmity of his nature, I am unable to say. The next morning he rose, as he always did very early, and long before his lady approved of his rising. Not but she loved "the sweet hour of prime" herself—but she saw evidently that the good old man daily grew older; and she could not help thinking that more sleep would be good for him. But I believe she was mistaken.—The pure air—the undisturbed possession of God and nature—the quiet bracing of his mind for his daily duties—the order and leisure which early rising secured to him for the day to come; were still better for him. And, sometimes, when, on joining him before breakfast in his study, she saw his face, like that of Moses

after his descent from the Mount, and his high converse with God, glistening with inward peace and joy—with the comfortable sense of Divine presence—she thought so too.—But, to return.—After a day spent, as, upon a dying bed, we shall wish to have spent every day—he sat down again, with a glad heart to his manuscript.

‘ And now, Sir,’ he continued to read, ‘ I come to an event in my life, which is not the least interesting to me, as it led to my connection with yourself.’ The old gentleman involuntarily bowed his head, and read on.—‘ Such is the change in human things, that I, who had a few years since been esteemed too splendid for the pulpit of dissent, was now deemed too shabby. The congregation, as I said, had decayed in piety—but it had increased in wealth. Indeed, this very increase was partly the cause of this very decay. Dissent like every other republic, is less likely to remain pure when it begins to be wealthy ! Its purity depends upon its alienation from the world, with which riches have a tendency to incorporate it. So happened it now. The increased riches of the congregation lured it into the vortex of ecclesiastical splendour and the first thing cast overboard was my poor self. It was decided, in vestry, unanimously, with

the exception at least of a single primitive old gentleman, who most pathetically pleaded the distresses of some poor widows in the congregation—that the “old cushion,” as they were pleased to call me, should be discarded, and a new one, becoming the dignity of the congregation, be substituted in my place.’

“Old !!!” said the Vicar, “one of the virtues of Sparta was a reverence for age. And I never heard of a Commonwealth, great or small, which flourished without it. For my part, it is the very age of my cushion which I honor. I never touch it without fancying I lay my hand where Latimer or Ridley have laid their’s. I like nothing new in religion—new translations, new doctrines, new systems. It is not a *terra incognita* in which any new discoveries are to be made.” What this speech of the Vicar had to do with the cushion it is difficult to say ; but these wanderings may be excused in a good old man accustomed to short texts and long sermons. He soon returned to his manuscript.

‘I confess, Sir, that I heard of my dismissal without regret. My early habits indisposed me to dissent. I felt much tendernesss, indeed, for the scrupulous dissenter, much admiration of their ge-

neral zeal, and a hearty desire to co-operate with them for every good end. But I saw nothing which led me to think that, on the whole, the stones of the church would be better employed in building meetings. The Dissenters are often important auxiliaries to the church,—but they would, in my mind, be bad substitutes for it.—But I proceed. The changes in my circumstances were many and great. I passed through a variety of places of worship. At length, I fell from public into private life. And I shall beg to describe to you a few persons whose private devotions it was my lot to assist.

‘ Vetusta was the first. She was an aged lady, who to the surprise of a good many gay friends, had lately possessed herself of some devout books, and of myself, and had, moreover, taken down some dubious pictures of nymphs and satyrs in her dressing-room, to fit it up as an oratory.— Few people had run a more various course than Vetusta had. She was a woman of unusually strong passions, for which in her earliest years, she found a sufficient employment in a life of ceaseless dissipation. When what is called pleasure ceased to stimulate, she gave herself to books. When books also lost their influence, she found a vacuum which

she hoped religion might fill up. And accordingly, by another roll of the wheel, she took up religion. Sensation was what she wanted—and pleasure, books, devotion, were the successive substances out of which it was to be extracted. All were used much in the same spirit; and it is not harsh to say, that she was just as much a Christian on her knees at sixty, as at her toilet thirty years before. Admitted to her privacies, I narrowly watched this stimulating process. She read, talked, prayed, all that she might *feel*; and, so that she felt, cared little for the effect of her devotions upon her life and temper.’

“Such religion,” said the Vicar, “is little better than dram-drinking. It is more decent, perhaps, but not less noxious. But, my dear,” he added, “I would not be harsh. I fear the religion of many an old man is of the same complexion with that of *Vetusta*. We give ourselves to God, when nothing else will have us; and think ourselves in search of him, when, in fact, we are only in quest of our early sensations. The question is, whether, if I were young, I should be willing to give the morning of life, the season of enjoyment, to God?”

“You forget, my love,” said his lady, “that you did love and serve God in your youth.”

“I thank God,” replied the Vicar, “that, after my humble manner, I in some measure did ; but so much have I learned to suspect my own heart, that I can scarcely believe stronger temptations to have been, at any earlier period, conquered by one so ill able to encounter the weakest, even now.” He proceeded to read—

‘ When Vetusta died, I lay beside her, supporting the last book of devotion with which a poor niece who stood by had fruitlessly endeavoured to shed a ray of heavenly comfort upon the cheerless death-bed of her aunt. Vetusta, though she had ceased to love any thing here, felt nothing but a chilly horror of an hereafter.

The car which had, as it were, borne her affections from the earth, had not, like that of the prophet, translated them to heaven. She hung in suspense between two worlds, tired of the one, and unfit for the other. Such a death-bed shut out all the hopes which light up the dying eyes of a real christian. Her niece no sooner saw the last breath quivering on her lips, than, shuddering at the awful scene, she almost unconsciously snatched me up, and the volume lying upon me, carried me to her chamber, locked the door and then poured forth such a prayer to God as grief, the yawning chasm

of the grave, the awful visions of eternity of which she had just caught a glimpse, were calculated to inspire. I became her property, lay in her closet, and saw and heard her in all her future moments of intercourse with God and with herself; and from her peculiar character and circumstances, soon felt a singular interest in her fate. The lesson taught by her little history is so useful, that it ought to be told to almost every parent but yourself, who have no need to learn it. And you, Sir, so love the young, that you will rejoice to see a beacon lighted up for other parents, though it may be useless to yourself. I shall, therefore, perform this important office.

‘ The name, then, of my new protectress was Selina ; and a gentler spirit was scarcely ever let loose amidst the snares and tumults of the world. She had been taken from her parents by her aunt four years before I saw her. They were persons of the cast which would be called amiable—but amiable rather, from easiness of temper, than from strength of principle. They had indeed, little or no religion ; and her father especially, a man of almost morbid delicacy, on account of some indefensible conduct in a neighbour professing to be religious, had contracted a strong antipathy to it.

Their very narrow circumstances, and his infirm health, had induced them to resign her to her aunt; and both parents and child felt a real pang in the separation. They loved her as an amiable child deserved to be loved; and she loved them too well to observe any of their numerous defects.

‘ Once introduced into her aunt’s family she soon perceived a great change in the appearance of things. The apparatus of religion surrounded her on every side. The devotions of the family were many and long, and her aunt, having found a new stimulus in the work of converting her niece, gave herself cordially to it, bridled her temper, and strongly and eloquently pleaded the cause of religion. The mind of Selina was soon awed by the warnings of her gloomy monitress. She began to discover that at least, the ‘ terrors of the law’ had been veiled at home—that she herself had been standing, perhaps, on the verge of perdition, without knowing it; and adopting by degrees the creed and habits of her teacher, she fell into the formal superstitious observance of such rites as her aunt prescribed. Far, indeed, was the religion she embraced from that of the gospel—It was in fact the law without the gospel—it was religion in eclipse—the dark without the illuminated part of the heavenly disc.

Terror was her prevalent feeling. She saw God alone as he sits pavilioned in clouds, rolling the thunders, and flashing the lightnings of Mount Sinai ; but not as he descends, shorn of his beams, and with healing in his wings, upon the holy hill of Sion. This view of God naturally darkened all her prospects, and converted her religion into a sort of desponding effort to soothe, by her future life, the wrath of this despotic and vindictive Being. The character of the house corresponded with this state of mind. Her aunt, in order to rouse her own feelings, surrounded herself with all those symbols of religion which were best calculated to awaken her exhausted sensibilities ; and these, however lost upon herself, produced their full effect upon her niece. She became fitter for La Trappe, than for the holy, happy life of a Christian.'

The old Vicar here laid down the manuscript. " My dear," said he, " I almost shudder while I read this history. Is not God our Father, and shall we exhibit him to our children, and tremble before him ourselves as a mere tyrant ? Shall not the happy face of nature—her scented flowers, her painted fruits, her golden harvests, yon ' brave o'erhanging firmament,' the shining lamps of heaven, the ' moon walking in brightness,'—shall not

this blessed book (he once more emphatically laid his hand upon it) which is nothing less than a present deity—shall not above all, the death of His dear Son for a lost world, teach us that ‘God is love,’—that not mere awe, but awe tempered, and softened by love, is to be felt for him who thus ‘first loved us?’ Among the many causes which attach me to the services of our own church, this has always been one—its freedom from gloom and sternness—its mild, cheerful, amiable paternal spirit. “Our dear child,” he added after a pause, (and the tears rolled down his aged cheeks as he spoke) “is, I doubt not, gone to heaven. And if I were called upon to name the means which most, under the divine blessing, contributed to his early ripeness for it, I should say it was his mother’s anxious care, as he walked by the way, at his lying down, and at his rising up, to set before him the image of God as a tender compassionate father. At least, my love, the curse is not upon you of giving him dishonorable views of God—of shewing him not the illumined side of the pillar of the Divine presence, but that cloudy side from behind which God frowned upon his impious foes.”

The old gentleman had touched a tender chord. It was their only child of whom he had been

speaking. He had come up, and was cut down like a flower. And though they had long ceased to mourn over him, and felt, at their age, that the line of separation was dwindling to nothing; yet whenever they spoke of him they could speak of nothing else. They would sit together and search their memories, and perhaps their imagination, for materials to build up a sort of little parental monument to his early charms and virtues. Thus they spent almost an hour now, and then, having consigned themselves in prayer to that heavenly Father, to whom their boy was gone, I need not say they slept in peace.



CHAPTER IX.

THE Vicar and his Lady, however, were too much interested in the history of Selina, to lose the first opportunity of returning to it. And we therefore will return with them.

‘ Selina was deeply affected at the death of her aunt; not, indeed, because she loved her, for that was next to impossible; but the scenes of death passing before an already disordered eye, had

scared her with the most terrible visions. N the dying language of her aunt yielded her the smallest relief. She had died, and, as it 'made no sign' of her hopes of any better brighter state of being. Selina, as she hung her corpse, had seen, indeed, the ashes of the but could not discover among them that spark of hope and joy, which is to blaze ar the kingdom of God. The state, therefore, in she was left, was truly melancholly. She w religious—she was superstitious. She felt h guilty, but had never been taught to lift her to the cross of a Saviour. She felt herself but no one had led her to the 'Comforter that 'Spirit' who dries up the tears of the m ble. In these sad circumstances she tried va means of approaching her God. She shed bitter tears—she denied herself even those all indulgences which a gracious God has so prof spread around us—she ran through a daily cir unmeaning ceremonies. But, in all this, her wounded conscience found no consolation man is not meant to be his own Saviour might have been hoped, indeed, that she v have found her cure amidst the pages of the l which she daily read, but this she had learn

pervert, so as to suit her own gloomy views. She pointed all its terrors at herself, and gave all its promises to others. Soon the evil spread, like a cloud, over every thing she saw. All around her began to invest itself with new terrors. She fancied a sword across every path, and a hand writing upon every wall.

Her sad circumstances were, of course, soon made known to her parents; and, though their tenderness protracted her fall, they, ignorant of religion themselves, were unable to supply the proper pillar for her sinking mind. A consumption followed, and I saw her, at nineteen, carried out to her grave, the unripe victim of a neglected education, and a spurious faith.'

Here the old Vicar gave a deep groan. His Lady sobbed. "And thus," she exclaimed, "was a 'lamb' of the 'Great Shepherd,' whom he would have 'carried in his bosom,' left to perish on the cold and naked rocks. Oh, that you had found her, my love. She would have been to us as a daughter. Cruel, indeed, to shew her only the fence of the pastures, and not the 'still waters of comfort' within them—to teach her this *half* religion."

"*Half*," said the Vicar, "nothing but your gen-

tleness could give it so mild a name—a superstitious fear of God is no part of religion—it dishonours God—It strips him of the attribute of mercy, and so strikes out the brightest jewel of his crown.”

“ True,” said the old Lady, “ and yet I dare say that the wretchedness and death of this poor young creature were charged altogether upon religion.”

“ Upon that very religion replied the Vicar, ‘ which alone could have bound up her wounds’—wounds inflicted by the irreligion of her parents, and the superstition of her aunt. Religion has no misery to answer for. It is true, that its stupendous truths, rashly flashed upon the already disordered imagination, may like the light of the sun, poured in rashly upon the diseased eye, overpower it. But men would not quench the sun, because some organs are too weak to bear its lustre—nor must religion be extinguished, because its sublimities may perchance overwhelm a diseased mind. Rather let us endeavour to elevate the mind to religion, than to prostrate religion to the mind. At the same time, tenderness is due to the infirm. And, our Lord himself felt and displayed it. What painter who has sketched a portrait of Christ, ever thought of arming him with thunders.

No—love was his weapon ; and I feel sure, that this is the weapon his ministers should chiefly employ. Chaucer's picture of a Clergyman, and the image by which he illustrates it, delight me—

‘ He preached the Gospel rather than the Law,
And forc'd himself to drive, but loved to draw.—

—Thunder and light'ning, Heaven's artillery,
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly.

These but proclaim his style and disappear—

'The *stiller voice* succeeds, and *God is there*.'

Now it happened that this picture and this image equally delighted the old Lady ; and for this especial reason, that she always said it was as like her husband, as though he had sat for it. So as both were too much exhausted to read more, he sat thinking of the picture, and wishing to be like it—and she thinking of her husband, and wishing to be like him—till it was more than time to go to bed.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the good Vicar next resumed his task, he read as follows.

‘ As the death of the poor girl was altogether charged upon religion, and as I was considered both as a cause and memorial of her fate, neither religion nor I were likely to be in good repute in the house. Her father and mother, indeed, seemed to view me, passive as I was in the business, with a sort of horror, and she in particular, I remember having one day opened the door and discovered me on the table, seemed to shudder—hastily shut the door again, and hurried away. In these circumstances, it was long doubtful what would become of me ; whether the cat or the lap-dog should permanently lay their head on the cushion of vicars and prelates. At last, an old housekeeper who had always discovered much pity for the young Lady, much horror of her aunt, and who, though tremendously cross, never failed to hobble off twice in the week to a place of worship in the neighbourhood, deeming her own pretensions at least equal to those of her four-footed competitors, carried me up to her own little room. I do not know

that I should have thought it worth while to dwell on this part of my history, but for two reasons—that my present proprietor was so singular a contrast to my last—and that the faults of both served to convince me of a truth which many wise folks never learn at all—that the widest extreme to wrong is not always right.’

“ *Always !*” said the Vicar—“ the truth seems to be that it is *never* right. The opposite to profuseness, is avarice—to tyranny, is anarchy—to bigotry, is enthusiasm. Almost all reformers in Church and State, except, indeed, those of my own dear Church and country, appear to me to split on this very rock. It was the moral, I doubt not, taught by the old story of Scylla and Charybdis. Men are apt to tell the story—and forget the moral. Good old England, has, through God’s blessing, remembered both ; and accordingly, we have a Protestant Church, and a free State, with which a wise Papist, or a sober tyrant, find it almost impossible to quarrel. For my part, though I have no fondness for Popery, I honour the little harmless relics of it, which I see in our Church, as so many monuments of the moderation of my forefathers.—But, let us go on,—I dare say, our friend here meant the same thing.”

“ I dare say it did,” said the old Lady.

Thus firmly agreed, as they were sure to be in all charitable conjectures, they proceeded.

‘ The old housekeeper, though she called herself a Calvinist, was in fact an Antinomian. Independent of her opinions about Predestination, and the rest of the five points, she really believed that the moral law of God had little or no force for an advanced Christian. Consequently, her rule was to live as she pleased, and to believe as a favorite minister taught her. I ought to say this minister was in general disowned by his brethren, who, whether Calvinists or Arminians, concurred to condemn Antinomianism. I learned this fact from frequent conferences held in my presence, by the members of the society on the persecutions they were called to endure. But you shall hear some particulars of the old Lady’s creed and practice.

‘ Her religious errors seemed to me chiefly to spring from two causes—one without, and one within—one, the cold and unamiable religion of her mistress, which drove her to an opposite extreme—and the other, an unrestrained temper. Her history is, I believe, by no means peculiar. She had always been remarked as a woman of an

irritable temperament, repairing by the embraces of one moment, the petulance of another—perpetually changing her friends and her pursuits. At length, some sermon alarmed her conscience. Immediately, and almost without an effort, she shifted from the side of the world to that of religion. Those wondered at the change who did not remember that many change their party without changing their tempers ; and indeed quit their present sphere only to seek in another, a more unbridled indulgence of these very tempers. Thus was it with the old lady. In her new character she contrived to lend many of her most offensive qualities a new grace ; and to baptize them with a new name. Her petulance gained, with herself, and a few foolish persons, the very honorable title of zeal—her restlessness, of activity—her changeableness, of independence. Nor did she at a single plunge sink into the depths in which I found her. Her descent, however, was rapid—because she was, in fact, following nature, when she thought she was following God. The benefit which might have been expected from some honest preachers whom she had occasionally heard, was entirely forfeited by one practice—namely, that of leaving every preacher the instant he con-

demned any cherished indulgence. Thus she had gone through the whole circle of popular ministers; and, finally, had come to a conclusion, that her present minister was nearly the last prophet, and she herself, nearly the only Christian in the country. Her self-delusion was indeed almost incredible. She would start up furiously from the 14th chapter of St. John, to thunder at a housemaid; and conclude a lecture upon charity by the abuse of one half of her acquaintance.'

"Worse and worse," said the Vicar as he finished the tale—"was ever Cushion so unfortunate? I suppose it might have passed through nine-tenths of the congregations in the country and not have found ten such cases."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his Lady.

"I am sure, my love, of nothing," replied he, "but I cannot understand how any ten people should go mad precisely on the same point; and I can call her state nothing short of insanity."

"But," said she, "I have heard Calvinism charged with necessarily leading to enormities of this kind."

"Then your reporters, my dear," said he, "were not to be trusted. You know, that I am no Calvinist—that I agree with Calvin perhaps in scarcely

a single point in which he disagrees with Arminius. My testimony, therefore, in vindication of Calvinism may be heard. To say then, that it 'necessarily,' or even generally leads to Antinomianism, is as unjust as to charge the Church with all the robberies and murders of those who profess her communion. Hooker,* Usher, Hall, Leighton, and many of the fathers of the Reformation, were Calvinists; and yet, who ever thought of charging them with Antinomianism? But that very high Calvinism easily admits of, and not unfrequently suffers such a perversion—appears to me true; and, in my mind, constitutes a no small objection to that system."

"I have often," said his lady, "since we spoke on the subject, thought of asking your opinion more fully of Cromwell, and especially of his conversation with his Chaplain on his dying bed."

"Cromwell," said the Vicar, "asked, if I remember right, 'whether a man who had been once in a state of grace, could fall away?' And, upon his Chaplain answering 'No—' 'Then,' said he, 'I am safe, for I am sure, that I once was in a state of grace.' Now, to say nothing of this 'no,' of the Chaplain," continued the Vicar,

* See *Note p. 39.*

“for which I might possibly have felt disposed to substitute another monosyllable—if this was the whole of the conversation, I may venture to add, that every wise Calvinist will allow the Chaplain to be criminal, and the Protector deluded. Even, admitting the truth of the doctrine, Cromwell was plainly deluded in his judgment of his own state, and the Chaplain is plainly criminal in suffering him to die in that delusion.”

“A pious and moderate Calvinist,” said the old Lady, who had been reading that very morning, a chapter in Archbishop Leighton, (the most formidable of all controversialists, because every devout reader must be afraid to disagree with him,) “finds much both in Scripture and in reason to say for his system.”

“He does, indeed,” said the charitable old man; “he finds so much that I am never astonished or angry with those who come to a precisely opposite conclusion on these points to my own. As to scripture, however, it should be remembered, that if some single passages seems to favour that system, the general spirit of the Bible appears to favour a less exclusive and partial creed. The delineations of God is an *universal Father*—the universal promises, invitations, exhortations, to *all*, to awake,

to arise, to turn, to pray, seem to me to belong to a more comprehensive scheme. It is not easy to believe, that the gracious God of the Scriptures meant all this for only a small portion of his creatures."

"The doctrine of *election* has, I think, one merit," said the old lady; "it must teach those who believe themselves to be thus elected, to love and honour God."

"But" answered the Vicar, "how will it affect all the rest of mankind? And surely, I am not likely to love and honour God the less because I believe that he makes to all the offers which others believe he makes only to a few?"

"But," she continued, there appears to be much comfort in their other tenet of *final perseverance*—in feeling that 'God will never forsake his true servants.'"

"There is, indeed," said the Vicar; "but thank God, I who am no Calvinist, believe as firmly as they can do, that 'God never forsakes his *true* servants.' The Calvinist cannot be more sure than another, that he is, at the present moment, a true Christian; and, if not sure, his creed is no peculiar comfort to him. And, if sure even of our sincerity in religion, who has reason, upon a sys-

tem most opposite to Calvinism, to fear that he shall be forsaken? Why should that sun of mercy now forsake us which, amidst all the storms and crimes, and follies of life, has never yet gone down? My love, I have been young, and now am old; and from infancy to the verge of second infancy on which I stand, such has been the wholly unmerited compassion of my God, so often has he stretched out to me the golden sceptre of his mercy—so often when guilty, pardoned—when infirm, strengthened—and when miserable, shed around me the sun-shine of his presence, that I am sure he would not I should perish—and that he who has been the ‘hope of my youth,’ will ‘not forsake me, now that I am old and grey-headed.’ I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded, that as long as I endeavour, by his help, to stretch out this ‘withered arm’ for mercy, (and as he spoke, he stretched out an arm indeed withered in the service of the sanctuary)—as long as I endeavour, in complete distrust of myself, to take hold even of the hem of his garment, I shall find ‘virtue go out of him’ to heal all my infirmities, and cleanse all my sins. This is my confidence, and if others have more, I thank God for their happiness, but I am content with my own.”

Now, such, was the humility of the good old man, that he had never been heard to speak as triumphantly of his own hopes before. And, even now, he seemed to blush for an avowal which, not self-complacency, but love and gratitude to God had forced from him. After a short pause he added,—“I wish my love, in general, to speak neither of myself, nor of the disputable points in religion. As to myself, I am sure of but one thing—that I am a most unworthy servant of a God, to whose mercy, from beginning to end, I must owe my salvation. And, as to Calvinists and Arminians—as there are only five points on which they differ, and at least five hundred on which, if real Christians, they agree, I desire to embrace all the articles of our common faith, and leave the rest to be settled in heaven.”

“Perhaps you think,” said she, “that they will never be settled on earth.”

“I do,” answered the Vicar. “Under various shapes they have perplexed the philosophers and divines of all ages. My own creed is this—if a Calvinist so hold his opinion as to lead a holy life, and an Arminian so hold, as to preserve a humble spirit, I believe the principles of neither will exclude them from heaven.”

After this, the Vicar, who knew that no posit was so safe for a man of his own sentiments prostration before God, knelt down ; and like giant, refreshing himself by touching on his mo er earth, recruited, I doubt not, all his hopes, s views, and joys, by intercourse and commun with his God.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Vicar and his Lady were not long before th returned to the manuscript, and read as followi

‘ I will not detain you, Sir, over the next sta in my history, nor even with describing to you exact circumstances by which, when the Met dists started up in the middle of the eighteen century, I found my way to one of their earli pulpits. But, of what I saw and heard on this n and somewhat giddy eminence, you will expect to say something. For a time, then, I own tha was, on the whole, surprised and gratified. Y well know, Sir, my love for the Reformers. Ho then, was I pleased to see some of those doctri which seemed, in some degree, almost to have su

under ground with those holy men, now springing up within the walls of a little methodist chapel. I will not say that they sprang up alone, or without a few tares scattered among them by the hands of their new cultivators. But, it must be confessed, that the very first leaders of the methodists, if men of somewhat coarse taste, and untempered zeal, were men both of talent and piety. For a season, at least, their preaching offended against little, except good breeding and moderation.—They generally avoided disputable ground, and insisted on the fundamental points of religion, in bold, vehement, eloquent, practical, though perhaps somewhat enthusiastic, language. They called themselves Churchmen, and I really believe they loved the church. They opened no meeting when the church was open. And great was the impression produced by them. They found some spots of this kingdom as untaught as though no Christian minister existed. They dived into the mine and the prison. Many of the Clergy started as from a dream, and buckled on the ministerial armour. I have seen, Sir, the church walls dripping with the condensed breath of the almost countless congregation. I have seen the tears of penitential sorrow scooping out to themselves white channels

in the dingy faces of poor colliers, whose minds before were as dark as the pits they inhabited. I have seen thousands who, as the early Christians brought their books of magic and burned them, cast all their sins and sorrows upon the altar of God, and found that flame consume them all. Great, indeed, as I said, was the effect produced ; but, alas ! so great as, among many other far better results, to turn the heads of many of the preachers. For now, Sir, mark the change. Soon the respect for the church, in a great measure, ceased. Soon one of the most common topics of pulpit raillery and amusement was the universal profligacy of the clergy. Soon the wildest breaches were made in church discipline. Soon attempts were made to separate the flock from the shepherd. Soon enthusiasm usurped, in some instances, the throne of sober piety. A large proportion of uneducated men were introduced into their pulpits. A desire to excite, to inflame, to harrow up, to revolutionize, combined itself, to say the least, in many cases, with the desire to convince. Coarse and fanciful interpretations of scripture abounded. Something very like miracles were assumed by many, to have been wrought in favour of the new system. And the whole, with many better results

issued in a sort of dislocation of the church : which may, perhaps, in the end, however little foreseen or designed by its authors, assist ultimately to destroy the church, and to bury religion in its grave.'

Here the old Vicar, as though he beheld the precise picture painted in the memoir—his own little church sinking into dust, and religion, in the act of suffocation, just peeping out of one of the graves, clasped his hands together in utter dismay. "My dear," said he, in an agony of grief, "I have had this vision before my eyes a thousand times; and though I daily on my knees, thank God for all the profligates reclaimed by the methodists, in common with other labourers; for their toils and triumphs among the poor idolaters and slaves; and for the sort of stimulus they have supplied to the Church; yet I fear that they will ultimately overthrow the church they undertake to support."

"Is it right for you my love," said the old lady, "to condemn either the character of their religion or their conduct towards its ministers, when old Betty tells me they preach precisely your doctrines and even pray for yourself every Sunday of their lives?"

"As to the *entire* resemblance of our *doctrines*," replied the Vicar, "either I or Betty must be mis-

taken.—For their *prayers* I heartily thank them; and may their God and my God so hear and answer them, as to make me better. Their favourable opinion of me (he continued smiling,) must, I fear, be set down among their errors of judgment. But let us hope, that so charitable a mistake will be forgiven, and that, by my improvement, it may become less of a mistake every day. Still, whatever be their approbation of me, I should even less deserve it than I do, if I suffered it to bribe me into a dishonest applause of them. I must plainly say, that I have an objection both to the character of their religion, and to a part of their practice. Against their religion, I often find reason to object that it has more of impulse, noise, excitement, of ‘fits and frames’ than I find, either in the Bible or the Liturgy. And to their practice, which is, in many respects, admirable, I have this objection, that they too often teach the people to suspect and undervalue their appointed ministers—to love change and novelty—to prefer rash to sober interpreters of scripture. There was a time, my love, when a good clergyman was regarded as the general father of his flock—when all their wants, wishes, fears, hopes, doubts, and plans, were laid before him—when the sheep followed.

his voice, and the voice of a stranger would they not follow—when, if he kept to his Bible, they would cleave to him. Now, this sort of filial feeling is exceedingly weakened. They have shepherds many, and fathers many. The Chapel is erected, not always where the duty of the Church is negligently, but where it is faithfully discharged. The preacher in the Church, however unexceptionable, is deserted, at least at one part of the day, for the preacher at the meeting. The people when they should be learning, are criticising; and refuse to profit from any minister till they have settled which is the best."

"Does all this," asked the old Lady, "alarm you for the Church?"

"I confess," he answered, "it does. These children of ours, and I am sure I do not forget they are our children, serve us as the Hindoos do their irrecoverable or even sick parents. Instead of binding up their wounds, they throw them into the Ganges. This is not humane, or even decent; and, if it were, surely we are not bad enough to be given over."

"And if the Church fall, my love, what will become of the methodists?"

“ I will, in return, my dear, ask you a question. If the branches, angry at what they deemed the inactivity and fruitlessness of the stem, were to succeed in bringing it to the ground, what would happen to the branches ?”

“ Why, exactly, my love, what will happen,” she said, “ to my young chickens, if I do not get them under the hen before sun-set.” So off she went to her little brood.

Whether the image of the hen and chickens, because her own, at once convinced the good old Lady, I am unable to say ; nor can I say whether the project then rushed into her head, of hatching an egg, which should produce a bird, which should produce a quill, which should in her dear husband’s hand, produce an essay, which should convince all the methodists in all the world, of the duty of returning to the wing of the mother church. Certain it is, that she, at that instant, did order Betty to set a goose in a favourite corner of the hen-house, which did soon fulfil at least a part of the wishes of her sanguine mistress.

That the vicar himself may have taken something of a similar resolution, may, perhaps, be inferred from the following lines, which were found

THE VELVET CUSHION.

111

after his death, written on the first page of his folio edition of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, with this title prefixed.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

1

And is our country's father* fled,
His ear of fire can none recall ?
Be—*here* his sacred spirit shed,
Here—may his prophet mantle fall.
Fain would I fill the vacant breach,
Stand where he stood the plague to stay ;
In his prophetic spirit preach,
And in his hallowed accents, pray.

2

It is not that on Seraph's wing,
I hope to soar where he has soar'd ;
This, this the lowly claim I bring,
I love *his* church, I love his Lord.
I love the altar of my Sires,
Old as my country's rocks of steel,
And as I feed its sacred fires,
The present Deity I feel,

* HOOKER.

K 2

3

I love to know that, not alone,
I meet the battle's angry tide ;
That sainted myriads from their throne
Descend to combat at my side.
Mine is no solitary choice,
See *here* the seal of saints impress'd ;
The prayer of millions swells my voice,
The mind of ages fills my breast.

4

I love the ivy-mantled *tower*,
Rock'd by the storms of thousand years ;
The *grave* whose melancholy flower
Was nourished by a martyr's tears.
The sacred *yew*, so feared in war,
Which, like the sword to David given,
Inflicted more than human scar,
And lent to man the arms of heaven.

5

I love the organ's joyous swell,
Sweet echo of the heavenly ode ;
I love the cheerful village bell,
Faint emblem of the call of God.

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113

Waked by the sound, I bend my feet,
I bid my swelling sorrows cease ;
I do but touch the mercy seat,
And hear the still small voice of peace.

6

And, as the ray of evening fades,
I love amidst the dead to stand ;
Where in the altar's deepening shades,
I seem to meet the ghostly band.
One comes—Oh ! mark his sparkling eye,
The light of glory kindles there ;
Another—hear his deep drawn sigh—
O—'tis the sigh of dumb despair.

7

Another treads the shadowy aisle,
I know him—'tis my sainted sire—
I know his patient, angel smile,
His shepherd's voice, his eye of fire ;
His ashes rest in yonder urn.
I saw his death, I closed his eye ;
Bright sparks amidst those ashes burn,
That death has taught me how to die.

8

Long be our Father's temple our's,
Woe to the hand by which it falls;
A thousand spirits watch its towers,
A cloud of angels guard its walls.
And be *their* shield by us possess'd,
Lord, rear around thy blest abode,
The buttress of a holy breast,
The rampart of a present God.



CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the Vicar returned to his manuscript, read as follows :

‘ I am now, Sir, approaching the last great crisis of my life, the time of my finally leaving London for the hills of Westmoreland. The cause of removal was this. At the moment when the meeting, of which I was the only ornament and superfluity, was built, the parish church was filled by the second son of a noble family, whose wants of talents had early designated him, willing, unwilling, to spend the tithes of a considerable living.’

“Monstrous,” said the Vicar. “I trust such offences are rare. Can any profession demand loftier talents? Shall the representative of God be chosen from the lowest orders of his creation? Shall *he* be selected to enter the sanctuary, to unravel the web of prophecy, to hurl the thunders of Heaven, to unvail that awful image before which angels hide their faces; to display to thousands the interminable regions of joy and sorrow—who has scarce faculties for the common offices of life? If I had a son with the talents of an angel, I would carry him, like Samuel, to the temple; or, like Hannibal, to the altar of his country, and there consecrate him as the soldier of the cross, the eternal enemy of ignorance and guilt.”

“Read on, my love,” said the old Lady, who, saw him here touching on the verge of that topic which of all others most wrung his heart. He understood her, and began again to read.

‘The young clergyman was an easy, kind-hearted creature, who might have seconded an address, or even have presided at a turnpike meeting with considerable effect; but had neither piety nor vigor for his sacred employment. His people were grossly neglected. The ‘hungry sheep looked up and were not fed,’ and they accordingly

sought for what they deemed more productive pastures. And the meeting, which promised to supply all their wants, soon filled itself with the stragglers. But the young incumbent broke his neck in a fox-chase; and his wretched father, softened and shocked at the event, and at the state of the parish, appointed such a pastor to the living as made every good man's heart leap for joy. Our meeting was soon, in its turn, abandoned; and I slumbered over a large surface of empty pews. Upon this the chapel was closed; and I, with the pulpit, conveyed once more to a pawnbroker's. The pulpit was bought by an auctioneer, and I by the churchwardens of this very parish; who, finding rates high, and corn low, and velvet scarce, on account of a war with the continent, carried me off, torn and tarnished as I was, with a phrase not very honourable either to me or to the establishment, saying—'this 'ull do.' Thus, then, Sir, bearing the burden of the fattest of these church dignitaries, I was jolted down to this happy valley. This has been the last scene of my life, and, I am free to say, the happiest.

'But, Sir, you will be anxious, I am sure, to hear the history of some of your predecessors in the living. And it is my intention to gratify you.



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I think it right, however, to observe, that, of a large proportion of them, no very interesting records remain. Mankind are much alike. And a little country village is not likely to call out their peculiarities. Some few were mere profligates, whose memory I do not wish to perpetuate. Many of them were persons of decent, cold, correct manners, varying slightly, perhaps, in the measure of their zeal, their doctrinal exactness, their benevolence, their industry, their talents—but, in general, of that neutral class which rarely affords materials for history, or subjects of instruction. They were men of that species who are too apt to spring up in the bosom of old and prosperous establishments whose highest praise is, that they do no harm.

‘ The first person whose history I shall give you, is one of a class exceedingly small. He indeed is the only specimen of it that, in my long experience, I have chanced to see. But his errors are of so mischievous a nature, and the punishment of them in his case, was so signal, that I cannot consent to pass them over.

‘ *Munster*, for so I will call him, was a spoiled child. He lost his father early; and his mother, captivated by the strength of his attachment, which

naturally centered all in her, requited it by anticipating all his whims, and indulging all his caprice and ill temper. In consequence, he became peevish, headstrong, and passionate. Now and then, indeed, some better qualities seemed, as it were, to flash in his character. But the gleam was only for a moment, and seemed to leave a deeper gloom behind. His feelings were quick—his spirits variable. He loved and hated, worked and idled, laughed and cried, all in a moment, and always in excess.

‘When sent to school, he was chiefly distinguished by quarrelling with the larger half of his school-fellows, and forming the rest into a party against them, of which his vehemence rather than his talents or industry, made him the leader. And, the habits of school, he carried to college, where he was chiefly known as a person whom no one liked, and whom every one feared. These numerous defects were, however, brightened by one more promising quality. He had acquired, under the eye of his mother, who though a weak, was really a pious woman, a certain awe of gross sin. The effect of this, however, was, not to correct his life, but to reduce it to a sort of alternation of sin and sorrow. Such a life could make no

man happy; and, especially one who had few friends to cheer him, little real taste for dissipation, and that kind of bilious habit, which is apt to divide the life of its victim between anger and melancholy. In such a state, therefore, he was not likely to remain long. And, accordingly, on a sudden, he proclaimed himself a converted character. He forsook at once, not only his vices, but his college occupations—not only his profligate, but his moral companions. His acquaintance looked on with astonishment. The good trembled when they saw such hands laid on the ark of God. The bad scoffed to find religion with such a champion. But Munster went on his way, heedless both of the one, and of the other. He soon entered the Church, and became the curate of this very parish. And here I shall endeavor to describe him, first as a minister; and next, as the father of a family.

‘His doctrines were, in the main, those of the Scriptures, and of the Reformers. But then he held and taught them *less practically* than either. His grand maxim, for instance, was, ‘preach of faith, and works will follow’—whereas, the Bible and the Church evidently deem the same attention

due to both—concluding, that a man is just as
ly to act as to think wrong.’

“The hands of my watch,” said the Vicar, ‘
quite as incorrect as the wheels. But let us
on.”

‘Neither did the spirit of *moderation* in t
high authorities satisfy him. Sometimes, he
magnified a truth, as to strain it to the dimens
of error. Sometimes he seemed to reduce
whole of religion to a single doctrine. In short
some men possess the art of giving error the a
truth, so he gave truth the complexion and the c
acter of error. Few men had a better creed ;
few put a worse interpretation to it.

‘But, however defective his opinions might
his life was far worse. Although ardent in the
pit, and in the discharge of most other *public* dut
his zeal did not extend to the more retired du
of his office. He rarely, for instance, sought
in the remote corners of his parish those sheep
his flock, who either had not yet found the heav
ly pastures, or had, unhappily, wandered fi
them. Those quiet labours, which no eye sees,
no voice applauds but that of God, had no cha
for him. To be heard, to be felt, to be admin
in the great congregation, was all he loved. 1

ny are the wounded spirits which he never attempted to heal. Many the broken hearts which he never stopped to bind up. They cried for help, indeed, but their Levite passed on by the other side. When he should have been aiding them, he was gone to act the Apostle, or to head the Crusade, in some public enterprize, to which, not God, but his vanity had called him. Many are those of his parish whose faces he will first recognize at the bar of God—sheep which he should have carried in his bosom—children to whom he should have been as a father.—Into the secular business of his parish he entered with great eagerness ; and, unfortunately for his general influence as a minister, carried into it as worldly a spirit as any of his people—thus proving that the Apostle in the pulpit, was a mere man in the ordinary concerns of life ; and that, like bad pictures, it was to distance rather than to coloring, his character owed even the little effect it had. His charities were extensive and shewy. Rather, indeed, than curtail them, he had much narrowed the education of an only son, designed for the ministry ; and even delayed his payments to some by no means affluent tradesmen. And the money, thus doubtfully secured, was, in many instances, ill-bestowed. His gifts were often either

partial or ostentatious. They were inscribed, for instance, on the walls of the popular chapel—but rarely on the heart of the afflicted and unobtrusive poor. But, Sir, you will be glad, I think, to hear something of the effect of his ministry on his congregation.

‘ The importance then of the doctrines on which he dwelt, the vigour of his manner, and a good deal of natural eloquence, insured him a large and an attentive audience. And, such is the value of truth, even when debased by a mixture of error, that, in many instances, the happiest results flowed from his exertions. Many, through the mercy of God, received the wheat and rejected the chaff—which, with a too nearly approaching liberality, he had scattered around him. They learned from him, for example, to love their Saviour, and that absorbed many baser emotions. They learned, also, to read the Scriptures; and, there, found the antidote, even, for their preacher’s errors. To some of his hearers, however, his ministry was far from beneficial. Some timid minds were driven to despair—some bolder spirits urged to presumption. And, in general, his most ardent converts were, by no means, the most complete Christians. Their tempers, especially, betrayed some defect in their

religious system ; and shewed that a millennium, which should arise from the complete diffusion of his principles, would not be of that kind in which the ‘ lion should lie down with the kid.’

‘ But let us now, Sir, follow him into his family. As something great and public was necessary to call out his zeal, he was not likely to shine in the domestic circle. There, the stimulus of popular applause could not follow him ; and, consequently, those qualities which in public served in some measure to balance his defects, altogether vanished. To his wife, he was too often cold and irritable. His son, who discovered little or no bias towards religion, was repelled still further from it by the unchanging frowns of his father. Of his daughter, who had early imbibed many of his own opinions and tastes, whose person was fine, whose talents were considerable, and who, in a better soil, might have been expected to ripen into a most interesting and valuable creature, he was extravagantly fond. And, twenty years after his marriage, she alone remained to share either his joys or sorrows. His wife had died early—I will not say of a broken heart—but certainly a troubled mind had hastened the decay of an infirm body. His son had gone to sea ; and was rushing into excesses of the most op-

posite kind to those of his father. The daughter, therefore, alone remained to smooth the pillow of a somewhat premature old age—to nurse him through sleepless nights, and days of pain—to calm an uneasy mind, and to supply the void created by a popularity gradually declining, as his public powers decayed.

‘This daughter, however, loved him ; for she had always seen his bright side. And had her education been more complete, her mind better disciplined, her sensibility less morbid, her religion partaken less of the defects of his own—it is possible that, under the blessings of their common Father, this parsonage would have displayed one of the most beautiful of all spectacles—that of a child paying back the early tenderness of a parent, by leading his weary steps into the way of peace. But, alas ! neither had oil to spare for the lamp of the other ; each did but aggravate the other’s infirmities.

‘And now, I approach to the really tragical conclusion of his story. The hospitality of Munster was a good deal confined to those who chimed in with him in religious sentiments—who, either echoed, or exceeded his own extravagancies. This select band had full range of his house. And, if

they appeared to bear the test as to a few chosen points, he did not stretch them on the rack of a more extended scrutiny. Among those who were thus frequent guests at the vicarage, was a person from a neighboring village, of whom little more was known than that immediately after his first visit to Munster, he had discarded a female of suspicious character from his family, and had vehemently addicted himself to the vicarage, and to religion. These traits were a sufficient passport to the attention of both father and daughter; and before long, he was almost as necessary to the happiness of the one, as of the other. To the father, he talked upon his select topics—fighting under his banners in all controversies, and straining all his extravagancies to something still more extravagant. With the daughter, he neither talked nor thought of controversies; and deluged her credulous ear with far other professions than those of piety. Of this, however, Munster was not unconscious. Nor was he displeased to learn, that he was likely to be called upon to consign a darling child to the arms of so valuable a protector. In the midst, however, of this career, a sudden check was given to the intimacy, by intelligence that the stranger was a mere adventurer and hypocrite. Munster,

in the family; and, when to a life of unusual excitement, were superadded mortified vanity, disappointed hopes, wounded affections, and, above all, certain awful glimpses of the world to come—all these had served to quicken the seeds of latent disease, and to bring him to the sad state of which his daughter had been a spectator. He sat there, like the fig-tree, cursed for unproductiveness, touched and withering under the angry hand of God. Before the short period of her bodily illness was expired, he died, and his awe-struck parishioners followed to the grave, a man, whose misfortunes had, in their eyes, cancelled his faults; whom, if they had never loved, they had now at least, learned to pity; and who, they trembled to think, could not have reached that heaven which, in such ardent language, he had often displayed to them. You know, Sir, his tomb in the churchyard. I believe the dead pastor has spoken even more powerfully than the living one. Such, indeed, was the awe produced by his death, that his spirit seemed to dwell among the tombs; and few of the country-people, for a long time, crossed the churchyard, who did not look suspiciously around them, hasten their steps, and put up a prayer to God,

that, in them, good principles might issue in a holy life, in obedient passions, and a resigned will.

‘His daughter, as I said, recovered her bodily health, but not the tone of her mind. A chord was struck there which never ceased to vibrate. She lingered out twenty years in a neighboring mad-house ; and many of the parish, who went to visit her, brought back the most touching accounts of her condition. Her derangement had not suspended, though it had confused the memory of her misfortunes. Nor had her religious sensibility abated ; but, on the contrary, it seemed to quicken her agonies, and to cast a more awful character over the illusions of her mind. Combining, with the representations of scripture, the splendid images of her own heated fancy, she would occasionally present the most sublime pictures of the glories of heaven, and the triumphs of the *good* ; and, then, suddenly striking her bosom, would say, “ but *they* never left a father—they never dishonored a God.”’

Here the story closed, and it was well for the Vicar and his lady that it did ; for age had by no means dried up the sensibilities of their nature.—He had stopped, as if strangled with grief, at least twenty times, in the narration, before he could

read it articulately. But his was not a mind likely to exhaust itself in useless sorrows. Soon he began to contrast his own happiness with the calamity of his predecessor—to thank that gracious Being who had preserved him from such an abuse of religion; and to pray for power to unite, in his own life, the holy doctrines, and the heavenly temper, of his master. Nor did he stop here ; but found in this history a mournful topic of consolation to himself. “ Happy,” said he to his sympathizing wife, “ the child who is taken from the uncertain wing of his earthly parent to repose in the bosom of his God.” Nor did this impression decay. For that this story served to reconcile him to what he had been accustomed to consider as the sternest dispensation of his life, is clear, from the following verses, which were found soon after on the table of his study.

As the sweet flower which scents the morn
But withers in the rising day ;
Thus lovely was my Henry’s dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away.

And as the flower, that early dies,
Escapes from many a coming woe ;
No lustre lends to guilty eyes,
Nor blushes on a guilty brow.



THE VELVET CUSHION. 131 .

So the sad hour that took my boy,
Perhaps has spared some heavier doom ;
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ill to come.

He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires ;
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

He died to sin, he died to care,
But for a moment felt the rod ;
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soar'd to God.

This—the blest theme that cheers my voice
The grave is not my darling's prison ;
The ' stone ' that covered half my joys,
Is ' roll'd away,' and ' he is risen.'

M

‘*Berkely*, was the son of parents, who, though both religious, differed widely in the complexion of their character. His father was a man of high and elastic spirits—attracted by large objects, and pursuing them with ardour, courage, and self-devotion. He looked over the world with a cheerful and thankful eye—saw good in every thing, and wondered that the servants of so good and merciful a God should ever find cause for sorrow or complaint. The mother of Berkely, on the contrary, was a person of low, reflective, nervous temperament,—easily depressed—discerning evils at an incredible distance, and peopling earth, sea, skies, with visionary alarms. Had not the star of religion shone in upon the dark chambers of her mind, her gloom might have ended in despair. I describe the parents the more minutely, because I think that Berkely inherited some of the qualities of each—or rather their compound character. In him, that life and joy, and energy, which surrounded the father as a sort of perpetual atmosphere, only gleamed occasionally when called out by certain great objects—by the society of those he loved, by the splendid scenery of nature, or by the grand themes of religion. Then, indeed, so much more of intellect mingled with his sensations, that his joy took a nobler

flight, and soared into regions denied to a less vigorous mind. At other times, the spirit of his mother seemed to descend upon him ; and a state of depression followed—of depression, however, which by exhibiting him, as it were, amidst the fires of affliction, served to display some of the most touching as well as majestic features of his character. It indicated, however, some hidden disease ; and perhaps predicted the somewhat premature death that removed him from his friends. From both his parents he inherited the most exalted piety. Not, indeed, that religion descends in the blood, for the most pious parents often leave no representatives of their virtues ; nor did he receive it as a sort of heir-loom and family portion ; for few minds were of a more deliberative and scrupulous cast. But seeing it from his infancy, under his paternal roof, surrounded with generous and lofty qualities, his earliest prejudices were on the side of religion, his earliest studies were in pursuit of it, and his earliest decisions in its favour. But, Sir, as many of my former communications may have appeared somewhat querulous,—as I am anxious to redeem my character before we part (the Vicar here pressed the finger and thumb together which held the remaining pages of the memoir,

vine dispensations, some ray of compassion, which bespoke a parental hand. 'Even (he would say) amidst the mounments of wrath which sadden the face of the universe, I discern, both in man, and in the world he inhabits, many splendid relics of a nobler creation. It is, indeed, a world of ruins, but of ruins diversified and ennobled by many a lofty pillar, designating the majesty of the original edifice. Look even at the most signal examples of divine vengeance, and love will always be seen sheathing or tempering the sword of justice.—When, for instance, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and a flood swept the face of a guilty world; even then, the ark surmounted the waters, and restored the only pious family to an unoccupied globe.—Did the waves of the Red sea close in upon the hosts, and engulph the chariots of guilty Egypt? Behold a whole people, with their flocks and herds, preserved upon the banks of that very sea, as if to shew, that 'in judgment God remembers mercy.'—Did the vault of heaven blaze with unusual fires, and empty its burning deluge on the profligate cities of the plain? There also, the solitary servant of God is seen walking unhurt upon the fiery soil, and amidst the atmosphere of death.—Even when the earth shook—

When the face of heaven was darkened—when the veil of the temple was rent, and the groans of nature proclaimed the just anger of God—a voice of mercy was heard amidst the clamours and agonies of the universe—‘to day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;’ and the Son of God ascended to his father, not dragging at his chariot wheel thousands of his persecutors, but bearing in his arms one poor criminal rescued from the cross. But, Sir, I must not indulge myself in recording the sayings of this good man. His language was like that of one who had been placed in the clefts of the rocks while the divine glory passed by; who had seen indeed, the majesty of God; but had heard him proclaimed as a God of ‘long suffering’ and of ‘tender mercy.’ It is enough to say that he pleaded for God in the face of a negligent world, as a son would plead for the honours and rights of a revered parent. And many were the hearts which, though unsubdued by terrors, melted under the ray of his tenderness and love.

‘This same fact, to which I have referred, perhaps also, in some measure, assisted to guide his judgment in matters of controversy. His impression was, that, as the child had no right to hope he should comprehend all that was intelligible to the

matured wisdom of a parent, far less should ~~may~~ presume to dive into the mysteries of God. This at once taught him to prefer carrying the balance, rather than the sword, amidst contending parties in religion. In his days, for instance, as it was much the fashion to dispute upon the inexhaustible topics of Calvinism and Arminianism, it was desired and expected of all to enlist themselves on one side or the other. And, as his father inclined to the former hypothesis, he was naturally expected to break his lance in favour of the divine decrees. But the young divine soon manifested a disposition, rather to silence, than to controversy upon this disputed point. This encouraged the opposite party to range him under their banner.—But here, again, his bias was rather to temper the warmth of others, than to display his own. It was not that he failed to comprehend the nature of the controversy—or that he viewed any topic of religion with indifference—or that he did not discover in the sacred volume passages favourable to each system. But he soon discovered that this controversy had fruitlessly occupied the attention, and harrassed the spirits, of good men, in almost every age, and under every system of religion; and that it was not likely to be decided till ‘men shall know even as

they are known.' He thought the more ardent champions, on either side, generally wrong—inasmuch as both inclined to substitute their own system for the simple creed of scripture, and to twist its straight letter into all the windings of human philosophy. He, therefore, took part entirely with neither—but taught modesty and charity to both.

‘ But I pass on, from his opinions to his *character* as the pastor of a parish. I have said, that in forming his conception of God, he had reasoned upwards from man to God—from the image of an earthly father to the character of the great and good Being who presides over the world. On the contrary, in moulding his own character, he had reasoned downwards from God to man; and his desire was to be in his parish, according to his mean ability, that which the God of whom he was the representative, was in all the world.

‘ In the pulpit, accordingly, he was remarkable for speaking, not in the language of the contending parties, but in that of God. I have heard him say that, in reviewing his own ministry, almost the only fact on which his eye rested with satisfaction, was, the not being able to charge himself with having voluntarily employed a single text for a purpose not designed by its great author.’

‘ But, not only did he largely use the language of the Bible—he felt it his duty, as far as possible, to imitate the *style of reasoning* employed in it, and especially in the ministry of Christ. Like him, he endéavoured to seize upon passing events, or objects to illustrate his meaning—like him, to vary in his subject with his audience—like him, to be simple, grave, spiritual, touching, tender. He used to say, ‘ I think the language of Christ is often much mistaken. Some conceive themselves his imitators, when they confine themselves to the practical parts of religion ; forgetting that every fundamental doctrine of religion is strongly urged by Christ, and that its more sublime and mysterious points,—the union of God with man, the influence of the Spirit, the precise nature of the final judgment and happiness of man are treated by him with a boldness and fullness which would amount to impiety in any other teacher.’ Others again conceive that they imitate him in acts of rashness and enthusiasm—forgetting that he rigidly conformed to existing rites—that he continued to worship even in those corrupt Jewish synagogues he was about to abolish—that he did not even enter upon his ministry till he was thirty years of age.—Now

both these errors Berkely avoided. He taught the truth—but taught it calmly. He touched the harp of the prophet, but not with the unholy vehemence which snaps its chords.

‘In general, his manner in the pulpit was rather mild and paternal, than energetic. But there were times, and those not a few, when a new spirit seemed to animate him. His favourite theme was the happiness of the saints in glory; and he really spoke of heaven as though he had been there. I have now his figure before me, as he rose up to address his congregation the first time after the death of his father.—No event had touched him at a more vital point. But, although as he mounted the pulpit, a sort of cheerless cloud hung upon his brow, in a short time a ray from heaven seemed to disperse it. He was not afraid to touch the chord which might be expected to awaken all the anguish of his soul. Others wept—but he was calm. He spoke of death, but it was of the death of the righteous, and of the blessedness which follows it. Such was the impression of the scene, that as his hearers watched his glowing eye, his grey hair, his peaceful smile, his uplifted hand, his lighted countenance—and saw him, as it were, launch into other worlds, and bring back their

spoils to enrich himself in this—withdrawing the veil from the sanctuary—speaking of things to come as present, they looked at him almost as they would at St. John, rising from the dead, to add another scene to his celestial visions.

‘Above all, it was his anxious endeavour to display the character of Christ in his own daily intercourse with the parish. ‘The life of Christ,’ he was wont to say, ‘was the life of God upon earth; and, therefore, the fit model for him who desired to be the representative of God to his parish.’ ‘Human laws, (I have heard him observe) differ from the divine government in three points—they do not pardon the penitent—nor reward the good—nor assist men to discharge the duties, the neglect of which, they punish.’ ‘Now, (he added,) in all these points, every man, and especially a minister, should endeavour to supply, to those under his care, the deficiencies of the laws. Such therefore, was his rule, and most simply and earnestly did he strive to adhere to it. Such was his tenderness to the *penitent*, for instance, that he stood condemned with some of the sterner spirits in his parish for credulity. But he remembered who it was that saw the prodigal even when afar off, and made haste to meet him, and fell on his

neck and kissed him. I have more than once seen him, when some poor offender asked doubtingly, 'whether it was possible *he* could ever be forgiven,' point with an eye full of tears, to a fine picture of Mary anointing the feet of Jesus, which hung in his study. In like manner, it was his constant endeavour, as far as he was able, to *reward* those who deserved it. Many a child carried in its little box some cherished memorial of the kind old Vicar; and many a bible, even to this day, sheds a ray of comfort and splendour from the shelves of a cottage on which his approving hand originally placed it. As to the remaining duty of *assisting* his people, in the discharge of their duties, for this he rose early, and late took rest. He built that little school, which you, Sir, so often visit—he enlarged that altar for his increasing flock of communicants, where you so often shed tears of sacred joy, as you dispense the bread of life to hungry souls.

'I had thoughts, Sir, of shewing you this revered man in the circle of his *family*. But the fact is that his parish was only his larger family, and his family his smaller parish. Those who had seen him in the one, could determine what his conduct would be in the other. It was the same flower

transplanted to a somewhat different soil. Not, indeed, that he was among those who thought that the domestic should be sacrificed to the public duties of a clergyman. On the contrary, he felt that his first duties were at home; that this was the little garden which his God expected him, first, to rescue, and fence in from the waste. 'That love' he said, 'which pretends equally to embrace all mankind, with no peculiar affection for our own family, is a circumference without a centre—or no love at all.' But from the general harmony of his conduct, abroad and at home, it would, as I said, be mere repetition to describe his conduct in his own house. Here, therefore, Sir, I stop, only stating to you one circumstance, that his monument is that white old stone on the right side of the altar. An hundred times have I seen the poor and the miserable steal up to that spot, merely to lay their hand upon the stone, as though they fancied virtue would come out of it, or as though it could be to them what the man it covered, had formerly been—a sort of guardian angel—a comforter—a friend. And such is the forbearance and compassion with which the heavenly 'Comforter' views such acts of affectionate and chastised superstition, that I scarcely ever saw one of these pilgrims who did

not retire with a happier countenance than he went. Others, I have seen, both in prosperous and adverse circumstances, approach the stone merely to inscribe some memorial upon it—some testimony, prompted by a full heart, to him who had taught them to bear the one with patience, and to enjoy the other with moderation. These inscriptions possibly even now remain; and perhaps, you may feel disposed to decypher them.’

Here the manuscript, as the Vicar thought, and perhaps, as the reader may think, abruptly terminated. On the whole, however, it could not perhaps have terminated at a better place; partly because his eyes refused any longer to do their office, and partly because he had now a new object in the examination of this hallowed grave.

“My love,” said he, “the sun will soon set, let us make haste and feast ourselves on this sacred spot. I have often observed the stone, but I little thought it was the casket of such a precious gem. There is no name inscribed upon it, but I have no doubt it is written elsewhere.”

She gladly obeyed, and they reached the altar just as the sun was beginning to sink in the west.

“Both,” said the Vicar, pointing to the descen-

ding orb—"both set, and both shall rise in another hemisphere, and with renewed splendour."

By a sort of simultaneous impulse, natural enough to two hearts so entirely in unison, they each laid their hands upon the tomb. It was not that *they* wanted comfort, but they longed to touch the only relic of the venerable man,—and, in the best manner they could, to join hands with one to whom in spirit they were so entirely united. They soon began to search for the promised inscription, nor did they search in vain. In one place they found, half blotted as it were with tears—"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." In another—"he was a good man." In a third—"the memory of the just is blessed." In a fourth—"alas! my brother."

Now whether this last inscription, which is the lamentation of the 'old prophet' over 'the man of God,' suggested the idea to the vicar, or not, it is difficult to say; but he had no sooner read this, than, taking his wife tenderly by the hand—"My dear," said he, "till now I have felt a complete indifference, so that I lay in the midst of my dear parishioners, in what precise spot this poor heap of dust and ashes should be deposited. But I feel this indifference no longer,—and if you think me

deserving the honour, I would say to you, in the words of one who like myself had deep cause, as he stood over the grave of a good man, to feel his own guilt and infirmities—when I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre where the man of God is buried—lay my bones beside his bones.’

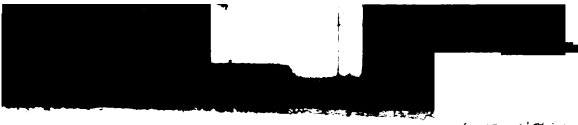
As the old Lady never allowed herself to think that he, who was a part of her life could be taken away, and her own life be continued; and as she had always contemplated his death as the hour of his release and triumph, she cared little where the grave should be, so that she might descend to it together with him.

“How it brightens,” she said, as they returned home; “the prospect of future happiness to hope that we shall see in heaven, not only the good we have known, but those of other ages whom we have not known.”

“Yes,” he answered, “and see them not clothed with infirmities, but as the disciples saw Moses and Elias, on the Mount, invested in all the splendour of heaven. Nor shall we merely see them, but perhaps be placed under their tuition and guidance. They will have been daily purging off their impurities in the fountain of life, and imbibing new light in the blaze of the eternal throne.

And, perhaps, to them it will be given, to educate those for the higher region of glory, who have recently escaped from the body. They will have 'seen God as he is' for so many ages—will have witnessed the trial and judgment of so many generations—will have enjoyed so long the perpetual sun-shine of the divine presence, that they must have much to impart to those newly rescued from the chambers of darkness and of death. Our teachers here, my love, may possibly be our instructors there. And the venerable man, over whose grave you have just shed such pious tears, may be commissioned, not merely to wipe away your tears, but to teach you the song of angels, and lead you to God and to the Lamb."

In this spirit, and with these visions of glory, the aged couple reached their quiet home; and, as they stood over the lake to catch the last ray of evening, its smooth and still illuminated surface seemed to present an apt image of themselves.—They had peace in their bosoms, and heaven reflected in their face. I will not say that they felt no regret at having finished the favourite manuscript. But those who enjoyed such hopes as theirs, could not long want any thing else to comfort them. And in these hopes they lived and died.



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The desire of the Vicar was fulfilled—his bones were laid by those of his predecessor—and after a few weeks, her's were mingled with his. Of none could it be more truly said—‘they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.’

In conclusion, I would only beg that if any of the readers of this little history should journey amidst the majestic scenery which surrounds the spot on which they dwelt, and should hear a single bell echo among the rocks, or die upon the lake beneath, they would turn aside to view the simple graves I have described. In the bleak and barren mountains, or the rocky defiles around them, they may see, indeed, many an august monument of the power of God. But in the tombs of these holy men, they will discover monuments of his mercy—enduring testimonies that *he* is good, and that his people are happy. And if their feelings are such as mine they will kneel at the altar—they will pledge themselves to the service of so compassionate a God—they will say, ‘let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.’

THE END.







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